

JUNE 30, 1964

35 CENTS
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Behind Scranton's Ploy

NATIONAL *A Journal of Fact and Opinion* REVIEW

CLARE BOOTHE LUCE WEEPS FOR THE GOP

Also In This Issue:

FRED NELSON ON PARTY PLATFORMS ♦ HUXLEY ON THE AFRICAN
NEEDY ♦ SIR ARNOLD LUNN ON MONTY ♦ REVIEWS BY RUSHER,
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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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CONTENTS JUNE 30, 1964 VOL. XVI, NO. 26

THE WEEK 518

ARTICLES, DEPARTMENTS

To the Editor	516
How Many Starving Millions?	Colin Clark 522
We Too Are Independent	Wm. F. Buckley Jr. 526
From Washington Straight	Cato 528
Tears for the Grand Old Party	Clare Boothe Luce 529
Aid for the Needy	Elspeth Huxley 531
Do Platforms Need All Those Planks?	Frederic Nelson 533
The Republican Platform	Frank S. Meyer 535
The Greek-Turkish Tension	E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn 536
Monty	Sir Arnold Lunn 537
Those School Psychological Tests	Russell Kirk 539
Trans-O-Gram	553
For the Record	554

BOOKS, ARTS, MANNERS

On the Altar of Equality	Jeffrey Hart 540
Hate CIA Enterprise	Wm. F. Buckley Jr. 541
The Czech Crucible	Otto von Habsburg 542
Trimming the Democratic Turkey with Republican Parsley	William A. Rusher 544
Oh, It's a Sad Case, America Is	William F. Rickenbacker 545
The Indestructible Bea Lillie	Priscilla L. Buckley 546
Books in Brief	547

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In This Issue . . .

→ Clare Boothe Luce weeps, oh how she weeps, for the future of the GOP, now that it is a foregone conclusion that Senator Goldwater will be nominated at San Francisco. Yet somehow she is not likely to comfort Messrs. Lodge, Romney, Nixon, Rockefeller or Scranton: 'cause she's cryin' on the outside, laughin' on the inside.

→ Talking about San Francisco, we have all, as usual, forgotten our inter-Convention resolutions to do something toward next election year's platform mess. Mr. **Frederic Nelson**, longtime chief editorial writer for the *Saturday Evening Post*, now retired, writes an amusing piece, drawing attention to the essential fatuity of present platform practice, and echoes the recent suggestion of Mr. Herbert Hoover (whose opponent in 1932 ran on a platform calling for balanced budgets) that each party adopt a 500-word statement of its political philosophy and let it go at that. . . . Mrs. **Elspeth Huxley** does the dutiful thing and lays it on the line: it is, she says, a literal impossibility to raise the standard of living in Africa without facing up to the problem of a rampant birth rate. . . . Meanwhile Mr. **Colin Clark**, the Oxford don who is the scourge of economic ignorance, flatly challenges the commonplace that one-third of the world is hungry. . . . And Sir **Arnold Lunn** writes, tenderly and pointedly, about that brilliant general, and unsurpassed political moron, Field Marshal Montgomery—a relative by marriage.

→ **Wm. Buckley** reminds the European critics of Mr. Goldwater of the unsettling fact that ours, too, is supposed to be an independent country. . . . **Frank Meyer** gives the Republican Platform Committee a few pointers. . . . **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn** goes deeply into the history of the Cyprus dilemma. . . . And **Russell Kirk** exposes another effrontery of the educationists, the practice of exposing young students to half-baked psychologists on school staffs, and then stigmatizing them, in secret dossiers, as peculiar.

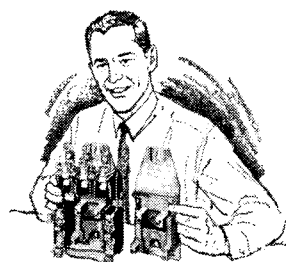
→ Professor **Jeffrey Hart** reviews the posthumous volume by our old friend and colleague Richard Weaver, who died so unexpectedly last year. The book is, says Mr. Hart, a trove of wisdom and insight. . . . **Otto von Habsburg**, the learned heir to the thrones of Austria and Hungary, reviews with admiration the volume of an admirable man, who recounts, from his own experience, the perils of appeasement. . . . **William Rusher** actually read through the book by Senator Javits instructing the Republican Party on how to lose its identity, and recommends it as a program of action to all Democrats. . . . **William Rickenbacker** reviews practically every book published since the first of the year knocking this country, under the catch-all title, "Oh, It's a Sad Case, America Is." . . . And **Priscilla Buckley** reviews Bea Lillie's latest. →

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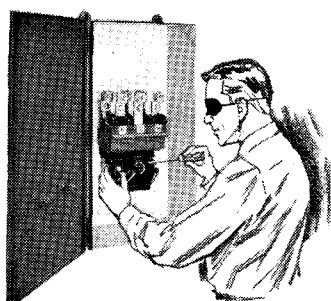
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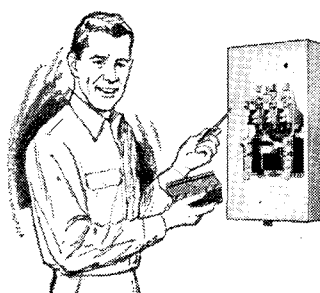
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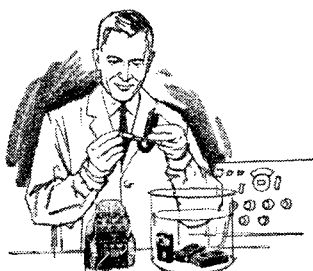
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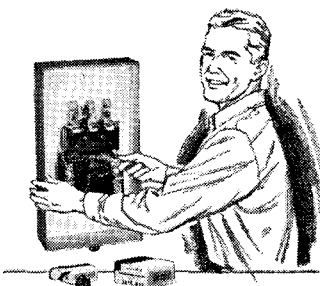
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coils "stand up" in acid tests

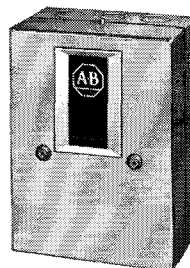
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To the Editor

Purrrrr

The Goldwater win in California was a great moment for all of us who are concerned about the future of freedom in this world. I think therefore that all conservatives should give credit where credit is due and say a much deserved "Well done!" to the staff of NATIONAL REVIEW. You, Sirs, have been absolutely vital in making that victory possible. Although thousands of voters in California have never heard of your magazine, the events of two weeks ago would not have been possible without your inspiration and labor over the last few years. Regardless of the events in the future, you deserve much of the credit for what has been done so far. Let us hope that by the end of November the real fruits of your labor will become apparent.

Toronto, Canada

W. A. SHEARSON

Ike for V.P.?

You fellas are really first-class candidates for the loony-bin (Re: "The Ike Plan Cometh," June 16). Please cancel my subscription to NATIONAL REVIEW. I'm going back to Fulton Lewis where I belong.

Oswego, N. Y.

R. A. FLUMERFELT

Brilliant, brilliant, brilliant!

Kalamazoo, Mich.

J. P. STRATTON

Inside Job

After reading Harold S. Taylor's "On the Slanting of the News" [June 16], I have just one question to ask. Is Mr. Taylor still employed at the foreign news desk of the *New York Times*?

New York, N. Y.

ROBERT R. REILLY

Ocular Proof

You have a wonderful magazine dedicated to one of the finest purposes I know of. I would like to ask whether you might be able to fill in more information at times so as to perhaps make your readers more effective.

I was shot down the moment I tried to bring up the business about Cronkite ["The Terrible Disappointment of Walter Cronkite," June 2]. The first and obvious question that

(Continued on p. 549)

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The WEEK

● Governor Scranton said up at Hartford that what he stood for was a "sane nuclear policy." He is in the tradition of Dwight Eisenhower, all right, who said up in Dartmouth in 1953 that what he wanted was to "be a Big Brother" to the American people. Come to think of it, they have the same speech writer, Malcolm Moos. Come to think of it—no, the mind boggles.

● Mr. Anthony Lewis, the *New York Times*' principal claque for unconstitutional decisions rendered under the shogunate of Chief Justice Warren, and a tireless recipient of Pulitzer Prizes therefor, included the following straight-faced sentence in his article on the decision (see below) of the Warren Court wresting from the states their power to establish their own legislative structures: "*Today's decision does not affect the United States Senate.*" The Senate is no doubt relieved that, as of this writing, the Supreme Court has not abolished it.

● One reason why Oklahoma voters rejected the Right to Work proposal (which would have made union membership voluntary) is that the forces of organized labor staged a classic display of organized power. Another reason: they fought dirtier than ever. A widely circulated handbill showed a photo on the front cover of police dogs and policemen with cattle prods "attacking" Negroes; the surrounding headlines said: "In 'Right to Work' States, These Are Right! This happened in 'Right to Work' Alabama! Don't let it happen in Oklahoma! Vote NO. . . ." Inside photos showed a meeting of the Ku Klux Klan and a Negro sprawling in the stream from a fire hose. The Oklahoma voters pavloved it to the polls, and organized labor has another in the string of victories of which it need not be proud. The handbill was distributed by the Citizens Committee Against 409 (311 South Greenwood, Tulsa, Oklahoma).

● The Free World's bankers are conferring again on the terrible question, How To Save The Dollar, though they don't use that precise formulation. Ostensibly they're talking about "expanding" the "resources" of the International Monetary Fund. European central bankers, who have had more recent and more bitter experience than Americans with inflationary disaster, are for going slow; but the U.S. would like to see several more billion dollars' worth of funds in the IMF that it could borrow to pay off

its other creditors. Meanwhile, Switzerland (silly, stodgy, Neanderthal, sound-money Switzerland) is offering \$200 million to tide its playboy friends over the near-term squeeze. In terms of monetary expertise the U.S. is well on the way towards being an underdeveloped country.

● You'll be glad to know we have a new cotton program, replacing the 8½-cent subsidy paid to growers so they can get more than the world price and the subsidy paid the textile people so they won't have to pay the subsidized price and the subsidy paid the exporters so they can meet the world price and the quotas slapped on our good friends the Indians, Portuguese, Nationalist Chinese, Hong Kongese, Jamaicans, South Koreans, and Filipinos so their cotton manufacturers won't enter our markets at so low a price that we might clothe our children at the expense of throwing bureaucrats and free-loaders out on the street to look for honest work. No, all that is ended. Now we have a 6½-cent subsidy, etc. Two pennies for your thoughts.

● PAS DE DEUX. East German boss Walter Ulbricht off to Moscow to join Nikita Khrushchev in signing a discreetly worded treaty of friendship and mutual assistance. Ludwig Erhard, West Germany's Chancellor, off to Washington to join Lyndon Johnson in issuing a discreetly worded communiqué about friendship and ultimate German reunification. As interpreted by the balletomanes: Ulbricht wanted a boost from the leader of his bloc to repair his shaky popularity at home and raise East Germany's status among the other satellites, all the rest of which have been given their friendship treaties some time ago; Khrushchev wants to be sure of full East German support against the Chinese Communists in the struggle for control of the Communist world apparatus; Erhard wants the prestige of the leader of his bloc to help him beat Willy Brandt in next year's election; Johnson wants West German aid in handling de Gaulle; neither Khrushchev nor Johnson wants, at the moment, to upset the German status quo.

● The May 27 *Der Spiegel* (Hamburg) reports that the Algerian Defense Minister has announced that Soviet naval units will use Algerian ports (from which the last French troops have now departed). NATO officials understand this to mean that Algeria will be a Cuba-type submarine base for the Communists, who have more than 20 conventional subs equipped to fire nuclear-armed missiles.

● But NATO has already faced, and backed down from (see below), a new defense problem in the Mediterranean: the presence of an overt Communist *Putsch* on Cyprus, coupled with negotiations for the

direct shipment of arms from Communist arsenals to Makarios. NATO responded, jointly and severally, by asking U Thant for Dag's sake to do something. As the military alliances of the Free World collapse before our eyes, it is well to remember that the resulting American isolationism can be traced to the policies of the Kennedy-Johnson Administrations.

- Ultra-reliable sources within the Cuban underground report that 1) 15,000 Soviet "technicians" remain in Cuba—the pretense of mass departure is maintained by rotation and reassignment to secluded areas; 2) hard-site missile silos proliferate; 3) the famous Bellamar Caves have been converted into a submarine base, connected by tunnels with Matanzas Bay; and that Soviet personnel recently replaced Cubans in the subterranean complex.

- Going the rounds in Prague, the latest coexistence joke. Two British lords are playing chess near Dover, England. They hear a salvo of guns. One lord asks: "Why are they shooting?" The second replies: "Don't you know? Khrushchev has arrived for a visit." A little while later there is another salvo. Says the first lord: "I'm shocked. I always held the Royal Artillery to be the best in the world."

- The American Enterprise Institute, noted for its profound analyses of legislative proposals and other public policy issues, continues its vigil over the 88th Congress with a comprehensive review of LBJ's poverty nostrum, the Economic Opportunity Bill. For a copy write: AEI, 1012 14th St., N.W., Washington, D.C., 20005, and enclose \$1. Appalachians, half price.

- Really terrific, this Lenny Bruce. Not only billing himself a dirty-talking dope fiend, but actually *being* one, you know? Getting himself arrested—London, Los Angeles, Chicago, New York. Always up on some charge or other. *Épater les . . . les . . .* well, like pop art, you know? Gutsy. Life-giving. Fundamentally absurd. The American Genet. All the intellectuals are for him. Liz and Dicky Burton, Lionel Trilling, Dwight Macdonald, Gore Vidal, Jimmy Baldwin, Normsy Mailer—the whole *Partisan Review-Playboy* crowd—signing this free speech petition, really the greatest statement since the *Areopagitica*. Reinhold Niebuhr signed it, too, but did you dig what he told the *Times*? "I have never seen Mr. Bruce or read anything about him." In other words, pure *acte gratuit*! Oh, that Reiny. What a swinger.

- Willard Uphaus, the sweet old pot who used to run a little summer camp in New Hampshire devoted to peace, international uplift and that sort of thing, and who did time a few years ago for refusing to tell

the State Attorney General who all those indoorsy types were who used to attend it, is pitching camp again, this time in Wanaque, New Jersey. Camp Midvale (for that is the name of the place) is well-known for its wild life, being the site, as an ad in last week's *Worker* announced, of the Tenth Annual All-Nations Picnic of the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born ("Help Us Abolish THE MCCARRAN ACT and THE WALTER-MCCARRAN ACT"). Dr. Uphaus' associate, one Sidney Gluck, also runs the Emergency Committee for Disaster Relief to Cuba, which is not an anti-Castro operation. Game keepers in Passaic County are, or should be, advised to beware this summer of polyglot bandage-rollers speaking of peace, peace, and not to mistake them for brownies. They are witches, and will expect to be hunted.

- Another joke going the rounds of the Iron Curtain: East German dictator Walter Ulbricht asks a young boy who has just saved him from drowning what he can give him as a reward. "A state funeral," replies the youth. "My father will kill me when he hears what I've done."

- Is Scranton peaking too soon?

Non-Violent Revolution

If any doubt remains about the revolutionary character of *Brown v. Board of Education*, there can be none at all about the Warren Court's June 15 findings (by a 6-3 decision) in a group of cases involving the method of apportionment in state legislative elections. These new decisions—they are in substance one—are sequels to the 1962 opinion in *Baker v. Carr* (Tennessee), on which NATIONAL REVIEW commented at the time (April 10, 1962): "If its full logic is drawn out . . . [it] implies a constitutional, sociological and political overturn in our system of government far more drastic than *Brown*." On June 15 the drawing out was done, and the overturn is in process.

The Court now declares, in opinions written by the Chief Justice himself, that: seats in both houses of state legislatures must be apportioned solely according to population; no other criterion whatever is relevant or permissible; any arrangement in which state legislative districts are not equal in population is unconstitutional under the equal protection clause of the 14th Amendment.

The devastating dissent by Justice John Marshall Harlan establishes the following facts:

First, that nothing in the text of the Constitution or of any of its amendments, including the 14th, authorizes the Court—or for that matter any branch of the Federal Government—to intervene in the matter

Focus on

NOV. 3

water is generally credited (June 17) with about 700 first-ballot votes. But the hunt continues, less visibly, up to and into the Convention.

◆ What is Scranton doing? What does he think he can accomplish by stepping into Rockefeller's shoes? Three things: 1) bid for leadership of the Liberal GOP faction; 2) gain a little bargaining power for the Vice Presidential nomination; and 3) take a stab at the #1 spot for free. They are listed in the order of likelihood.

◆ Goldwater drew more GOP votes in the 1964 primaries than JFK did Democrats in the 1960 primaries (they both were entered in 10 states). There are seven states in which JFK in 1960 and Goldwater in 1964 were entered in the primaries, and Goldwater drew 100,000 more votes than JFK did. For the whole 10 states, Goldwater has drawn 372,000 more votes than JFK. Goldwater: 2,147,993 votes; JFK: 1,775,250. It's getting more difficult to argue that Goldwater lacks a broad popular base.

◆ So now the argument takes another tack: Goldwater at the head of the ticket, they say, would hurt the GOP in subsidiary races. Well, two reporters of the *New York Herald Tribune* turned the clock back far enough to engage in actual research. They asked 125 U. S. (GOP) senators and representatives what they thought about running on a Goldwater ticket. Fifty-three said Goldwater would help them, 28 said he would hurt, 33 said it would make no difference, and 11 took the 5th. Of the 28 who thought Goldwater would hurt them, half were from districts northeast of Pittsburgh. Which means that Goldwater would hurt only 14 per cent of the GOP candidates throughout the rest of the country and help 50 per cent. Pretty good odds?

◆ That part of the Great 1964 Delegate Hunt conducted out in the open, through state conventions and primaries, is now over. Gold-

◆ Not good enough for columnist Joseph Alsop, who reported the next day on the "panic that has suddenly seized upon almost every Republican candidate standing for state or federal office this year"—a panic generated by the possibility of Goldwater heading the ticket. But the panic was confined principally to Joseph Alsop's typewriter—the same machine on which he had written, March 6, 1964: "No serious Republican politician, even of the most Neanderthal type, any longer takes Goldwater seriously." Nice try, Joe. So what else is new?

◆ Well, Hello Connecticut! At the June 12 convention of the Connecticut GOP a proposal was made by anti-Goldwater forces, the effect of which would have been to deprive Goldwater of any delegates from Connecticut. Less than 20 per cent of the floor went along with them.

◆ The defeat of shopworn Charlie Buckley (D., N. Y.; chairman of Bronx Pork & Barrel Society) had interesting sidelights. Attorney General Bobby had supported him. The "Reform" Democrats defeated him. And, *mirabile dictu*, the great Liberal Charlie Buckley campaigned on a plank of "vote for the enemy's enemy," to wit: he passed out handbills screaming, "Communist Newspaper Attacks Buckley! . . . Stand Up And Be Counted As A True American! Elect Congressman Charles A. Buckley." The Communist newspaper (the *Worker*) supported the Reform types, Lord knows why. But we'll let ex-Congressman Buckley do the witch hunting. . . .

◆ Ever hear about the two-car auto race, U. S. vs. USSR? The U. S. won; the USSR announced, "USSR places second, U. S. runs next to last." Same trick showed up last week in the U. S. papers. Big story: "Eight GOP Senators Oppose Goldwater." Not reported: the rest were asked but wouldn't, and the net effect should have been expressed in the headline: "*Twenty-Five GOP Senators Support Goldwater.*" And who were the Great Eight, over there in the GOP moonstream? Let their names go down: J. Glenn Beall (Md.), Clifford P. Case (N. J.), John Sherman Cooper (Ky.), Jacob K. Javits (N. Y.), Kenneth B. Keating (N. Y.), Thomas H. Kuchel (Calif.), Leverett Saltonstall (Mass.), Hugh Scott (Pa.).

of state elections. On the contrary, these are explicitly excluded from jurisdiction.

Second, that the problem was discussed at length in Congress during debate on the 14th Amendment, and that there was universal agreement with the view stated by Rep. Bingham, author of the Amendment's first section: "We all agree, and the great body of the people agrees . . . that the elective franchise . . . is exclusively under control of the states." Justice Harlan summarizes: "Congress, with full awareness of and attention to the possibility that the states would not afford full equality in voting rights to all their citizens, nevertheless chose not to interfere with the states' plenary power in this regard."

Third, that from the founding of the nation—and before its founding, in the colonies that became the nation—apportionments based on principles other than equal numbers have not only existed in all the states but have usually been deliberately provided for by the state constitutions in the composition of the upper legislative chambers.

Fourth, that districts unequal in population existed often by constitutional provision, in the northern states that first ratified the 14th Amendment and the southern states that were compelled to ratify it later. In Justice Harlan's words: "At least a substantial majority, if not all, of the states which ratified the 14th

Amendment did not consider that in so doing they were accepting limitations on their freedom never before questioned, to regulate voting rights as they chose."

These facts are indisputable, nor is there any attempt to dispute them in the majority opinion. Justice Warren's appeal to the 14th Amendment is perfunctory. His argument is purely abstract and ideological: he deduces that the necessity ("constitutionality") of numerically equal districts follows from the democratist one-man-one-vote axiom of orthodox Liberalism. States may not take into account history, economic or other group interests, area, the desire "to ensure effective representation for sparsely settled areas," "the availability of access of citizens to their representatives," bicameralism, occupation, attempts to balance rural and urban powers, the preference of the states' voters, not to speak of the text of the Constitution.

Earl Warren's method of reasoning here—this monolithic line of deduction from a single narrow abstraction taken as an ultimate, in disregard of history, experience, facts, plain common sense, and the incredibly troublesome practical consequences sure to follow—this method is the very essence of "extremism," or even more exactly, "fanaticism." Let the ideology be served, though the nation founder!

These decisions are also, as is obvious on their face, a brazen usurpation by the Court not only of the legislative power but, as Justice Harlan shows, of the Constitution-making power as well. "No thinking person can fail to recognize that the aftermath of these cases, however desirable it may be thought in itself, will have been achieved at the cost of a radical alteration in the relationship between the states and the Federal Government, more particularly the Federal Judiciary. . . . When, in the name of constitutional interpretation, the Court adds something to the Constitution that was deliberately excluded from it, the Court in reality substitutes its view of what should be so for the amending process."

Perhaps the most fascinating question, raised once again by these decisions is this: Why does the nation accept this usurpation so passively, so supinely? The Court, after all, has even fewer divisions than the Pope. It is not written on high, and certainly not in our history, that every American citizen and institution must dance to the Court's whip. Still, the practical consequences of the Court's actions are, for most of us, indirect and remote, and many of us are drugged, like the Court's majority, with ideology. The President bows his head, and dutifully calls out the paratroops to try to restrain the social chaos that follows in the Court's wake. And Congress—ah, there's the rub! For there is ample remedy in the hands of Congress: laws to supersede decisions; a

THE NEXT ISSUE

CONVENTION SPECIAL

A PROGRAM FOR
A GOLDWATER ADMINISTRATION

law to restrict the Court's appellate jurisdiction; initiation, if need be, of new constitutional amendments so tightly worded that even Earl Warren couldn't slip through.

But, alas, the Court's usurpation in our day is only the other side of the abdication of Congress.

Ike for VP?

1. The main conversation stopper on the subject of Dwight Eisenhower's running for the Vice Presidency has been constitutional. The argument is that the 22nd Amendment to the Constitution, when read alongside the 12th, adds up to a prohibition against Eisenhower's running.

Such a reading of the Constitution was challenged by Mr. James Jackson Kilpatrick in a lengthy article in the last issue of *NATIONAL REVIEW* Magazine. We shall not recapitulate the argument, but merely quote a comment on it:

"Dear Mr. Kilpatrick:

"I have read your article in the *NATIONAL REVIEW* of June 16, 1964 with interest and pleasure. It brought up pleasant memories. Arthur Krock in his conclusions may be right 'in some quarters.' But as I recall the discussion in Congress, nothing was said which would broaden the meaning of the word *elected*. The Court therefore in its interpretation would be limited to the words in the 22nd Amendment itself."

(Signed) Alexander Wiley

That statement, from the gentleman who headed the Judiciary Committee of the Senate at the time the 22nd Amendment was formulated—by that Committee—and passed through Congress, is of great consequence, and together with Mr. Kilpatrick's analysis, should throw the ranks of the doubters into confusion, perhaps even induce them to a graceful capitulation. If General Krock will tender us his sword we shall instantly return it to him: but he will have to do something a little better than the only thing to which he has thus far committed himself: to abstain from an Impeach Eisenhower movement in the event of his election to the Vice Presidency.

There remains 2) the question of the desirability, from the point of view of American conservatives, of Mr. Eisenhower on the ticket. We have received mail

How Many Starving Millions?

"A lifetime of malnutrition and actual hunger is the lot of at least two-thirds of mankind." This famous misstatement, which is still believed by a great many people, simply because they have heard it so often, was made by Lord Boyd Orr in 1950 on his retirement from the Director-Generalship of the Food and Agriculture Organization.

It was shown in 1954 by Dr. Bennett, Director of the Food Research Institute at Stanford University, and probably the world's leading authority in this field, that Lord Boyd Orr could only have reached this extraordinary conclusion by confusing two columns taking ultimate targets for minimum requirements, in a table (inaccurate in any case) prepared for him by FAO.

A great many people, however, for reasons which perhaps only a social psychologist could elucidate, seem to prefer myth to fact on this question. FAO, once described by the *Economist* as "a permanent institution devoted to proving that there is not enough food in the world to go round," like all big organizations, has developed a strong instinct of self-preservation, and spends a great deal of money on public relations. While not precisely committing itself to Lord Boyd Orr's figure, FAO has been anxious to take advantage of the hysterical emotions which his statement had aroused, and based its campaign on the statement that half the world was suffering from malnutrition.

At the Royal Statistical Society in London in 1961 Dr. Sukhatme, Director of Statistics for FAO, an Indian himself, prepared an original and courageous survey of the available information on the proportion of the world's population who were actually hungry (not enough calories), which he estimated at 10 to 15 per cent. Most of these—though FAO would find it politically very embarrassing to say so—are in fact in China and India; and the causes of their hunger are not agricultural, but political—Communism in China, and caste in India.

Compelled to accept its own statistician's figure, FAO, in order to support its claim about "half the world," had to fall back on a concept of "malnutrition," though it could neither define it, nor produce evidence for its existence. I personally asked both the Director-General of FAO and Sir Norman Wright, the Chief Scientific Adviser, for the evidence on which FAO's statement was based, and was told crossly that the evidence could not be shown at the time, but that it would all be given in the "Third World Food Survey."

The cat is now out of the bag. The evidence that half the world is suffering from malnutrition just is not there.

An abbreviated version of the survey in FAO's

"Monthly Bulletin" begins with an attempt to redeem Lord Boyd Orr's statement, admitting his confusing a minimum with a maximum, but stating that the latter was "needed to ensure good nutrition." Not a scintilla of evidence is produced for this statement. Accepting Dr. Sukhatme's figures, all that the survey has to show to prove that half the world is suffering from malnutrition is a table indicating that many countries do not consume meat or dairy produce.

I worked with Lord Boyd Orr in the 1930s, when he was preparing his book *Food, Health and Income*, which appeared to show that a substantial proportion of the population of Britain was malnourished. I believe that physiologists were sincere in stating minimum nutritional requirements as they understood them in those days—that we needed 100 grams of fat per day, 0.9 of a gram of calcium, which should be obtained from dairy produce, and should take half our proteins from animal food. But these physiological doctrines are quite out of date, though, as often, we can find government acting on out-of-date information. Large quantities of fat in the diet, particularly dairy fats, are now believed to be harmful, and we do not actually need any. Calcium can be easily obtained from sources other than milk. And the amount of animal protein needed is very small indeed.

Rather late in the day, it has occurred to physiologists that there are communities, such as the Trappists in Europe, and millions of people in Asia, who on religious grounds abstain from meat altogether, and often eat very little dairy produce, but yet can remain quite healthy.

But, setting aside the question of the veracity of international officials, does the publication of such misstatements by FAO do more than academic harm? It does.

Now, throughout the world, every politician under pressure from farmers' unions, and worried by the problem of disposing of uneconomically produced surpluses, will fall back on the FAO report. "Look," he will say, "with half the world malnourished, there is really no problem, and we need not do anything about restricting output, or reducing the number of farmers." Such outrageous evasion of the problem of agricultural surpluses in high-cost countries may turn out to have very serious consequences indeed.

And, even if a sincere attempt were made to do so, the distribution of greatly increased amounts of American and European agricultural surpluses to poorer countries would raise insoluble diplomatic, political and administrative problems.

COLIN CLARK

from some readers who are appalled by the idea: after all, aren't we anti-Eisenhower? Of course we have been anti-Eisenhower, and do not withdraw a word of criticism of his Administrations. The point is not whether one approves of him or not, any more than the point, for the ADA and the labor unions in 1960, was whether or not they approved of Lyndon Johnson. They did nothing of the kind, but they finally recognized the strategical political intelligence of John Kennedy, who called his friends together and told them the simple facts of the situation, namely that Johnson would enhance the ticket, because of his special appeal in the South and Southwest.

The argument for Eisenhower is not a venture in historical revisionism; nor is it a sign of moral decomposition simultaneously to deplore a man's record while he was President, and to advocate his selection as Vice President, in order to contribute to the ascendancy of a man we should like to see as President. Several readers, dismayed, write in to ask what would then happen to us if Senator Goldwater were assassinated? What would then happen, obviously, is that General Eisenhower would be President again. Who, this side of Cuckooland, will say we would then be *worse* off than we are under Mr. Johnson? Or, in the event of *his* death or assassination, worse off than under such of his prominently mentioned successors as Bobby Kennedy or Hubert Humphrey? Remember too that the health record of President Johnson is such as substantially to advance the possibility that the Democratic Vice President will succeed him in office. The gravity of the political problem, then, is suggested by merely rolling about in your mouth the words "President Hubert Humphrey," or "President Bobby Kennedy." Do that and say whether or not, to avoid the contingencies, you would be prepared to gulp down "Vice President Eisenhower."

3. In which general connection, we quote at length a startling piece of analysis by Walter Lippmann. He writes: "If Gov. Scranton is to win the nomination, he will need Gen. Eisenhower. But this is to assume that the Eisenhower of 1964 is still the same man around whom the moderate and progressive Republicans rallied in 1952. It is perhaps too hopeful an assumption.

"The Eisenhower of 1964 can be seen in an article he signed [Lippmann's childish way of telegraphing his forthcoming disagreement. If he had *liked* the article, he'd have said "an article he wrote," or "an article he published."] in the *Saturday Evening Post* in April and in the speech which he delivered to the Governors' Conference in Cleveland on June 8. These documents show that he has become a Goldwater 'conservative'—without the harum scarum jingoism of Barry Goldwater. It has been the practice of the

Republican moderates to pretend that the national philosophy of Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt was also the philosophy of Dwight Eisenhower. It is not. Especially during his retirement, Gen. Eisenhower has come to share with Sen. Goldwater a profound distrust and dislike of the Federal Government. . . . That is why there has been no rally around Gen. Eisenhower to resist the surrender of the party. That inner citadel was surrendered some time ago."

Granted, the probabilities are that, as usual, Mr. Lippmann has lost his way. But considering that Lippmann was once upon a time generally sound, and is now generally unsound, is it metaphysically inconceivable that Mr. Eisenhower, so long unsound, might now be evolving towards soundness?

Mr. Wormser's Charter

The February 1964 issue of the *Journal of Taxation* carried a pair of articles whose effect seems enhanced in hindsight. Consider, first, the article by Rene Wormser, the distinguished lawyer and author, in the form of a letter to Mortimer Caplin, then Commissioner of the IRS, entitled "A Plea for Non-Aggression," in which Mr. Wormser specified:

"1. Where there is an ambiguity in the law, it should be resolved in favor of the taxpayer. . . . 2. When the taxpayer has conformed strictly and fully



New York Herald Tribune photo by Nat Fein

**"You like it? I picked it up in
California for \$5 million."**

to the terms of the statute itself, he should not be held taxable on grounds to be found outside the statute. . . . 3. The principle of *de minimis non curat lex* should be applied to the tax law . . . the Service will, on occasion, contend that a severe tax impact must result from a truly trifling infringement of the strict terms of the statute. . . . 4. Where the tax law provides that it is to be amplified or detailed through 'regulations,' these should not be provided by an administrative body. . . . 5. When regulations are provided for in the statute, there should be a time limit on their production by the Service. . . . It is not unusual to have to wait two years. . . . 6. The taxpayer should be given more adequate relief in connection with rulings. . . . There is a procedure for obtaining rulings, but such rulings frequently are denied or are delayed for so long that the taxpayer's plans are frustrated and a business transaction is heavily prejudiced. . . . 7. Private rulings should be made public. . . . 8. Where the Service appeals from an adverse decision of the courts and loses on appeal, the taxpayer should have compensatory relief. . . . 9. There should be an automatic 'acquiescence' when a prescribed number of courts have held against the Commissioner. . . . 10. The statutory interest rate, in tax matters, should be made realistic. . . ."

In the same issue Commissioner Caplin published a reply, which consisted of "comments on the broad issues involved, rather than on a point-by-point analysis," and concluded with the categorical apology that everything had already been "discussed in an informed and balanced manner by experienced accountants, businessmen, economists, and lawyers," etc. etc. Mr. Wormser's projected reforms can be accepted whole as a charter for the reform of tax collection practices, and should be incorporated in the Republican platform.

Oh Shut Up

The South African courts have sentenced a batch of admitted terrorists to life in the penitentiary, and you would think the court had just finished barbecuing St. Joan, to hear the howls from the Liberal press—which believes that the government of South Africa should confer medals upon, rather than jail, those of its citizens who, to express their discontent, set fire to factories and blow up bridges. The overarching idea, for those who want to understand it all from soup to nuts, is that the Liberals are in *favor* of terroristic acts against the South African Government, so that the three million white Africans who have been in South Africa longer by several generations than most Americans have been in the United States, can be run out of the continent, and leave South Africa free to have one-man-one-vote once,

and proceed, like the Congolese, to enjoy the fruits of Uhuru.

Well, the irresponsibility of the ritualistic Liberals is about as newsworthy as the sunrise. But this time, the United Nations got into the act, in brazen disregard of the provisions of its own charter, and during the months of the trial consistently hectoring the South African Government, instructing it in how to deal, and how not to deal, with terrorists—advice it has never vouchsafed to give to such other of its members who have far more conclusive ways than the South Africans of dealing with terrorists. During the whole mewling business over South Africa, Castro was executing "terrorists" right and left—shots, unheard 'round the world, that affected the members of the General Assembly about as much as a speech by Adlai Stevenson. Thank heavens we're not running for President, so we can say: whatever the United Nations does or doesn't in foreign affairs, it is a clear and present danger to international decency, morality and sincerity.

The With-It Blues

When Sir Alec Douglas-Home spoke at a Conservative Party rally at Newcastle-on-Tyne, the music which preceded his appearance included "She Loves You, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah." The climax, instead of the customary "Land of Hope and Glory," was "Getting to Know You" followed by "I'm in Love with a Wonderful Guy" as Sir Alec walked on to the platform. —Candour

Lo, now on this stage
We unfold a new page
In our rough island story.
We'd rather have Ringo
Than any old Jingo
As our new model Tory,
And only a square
Could continue to care
For that old Hope and Glory
—And all that jazz,
Yeah, yeah, yeah,
All that jazz.

So say won't you choose
To sing the True Blues
In this new way we show you.
Harold Wilson? Well him and
That poor square Jo Grimond
Are not with it, and so you
Can really rely
On our wonderful guy
While he's getting to know you
—And all that jazz,
Yeah, yeah, yeah,
All that jazz. —A.B.

Standard Up and Be Counted

Henry Ford II today announced his support for President Johnson.
—news item

To Henry Ford

(The one who went to his reword)

We are indebted for improved procedures of fabrication through the use of standard parts

Which in the instance surfeited the nation with Tin Lizzies each indistinguishable from the other. Now have you observed that in his hart of harts

Each fervid supporter of Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Nixon, Mr. Scranton, Mr. Lodge, Mr. Romney, Mr. Stassen, Mrs. Smith, Mr. Kuchel, Mr. Javits, Mr. Hatfield, Mr. Rhodes, Mr. Keating, Mr. Morton and all them guys, albeit exclaiming that *his* candidate is better qualified, more experienced and infinitely superior, is nevertheless willing if not indecently eager to regard his man, in the event of a boomlet or even an "honest draft" for one of the others, as estrangeable?

Because they're interchangeable.

(Some of us even suspect darkly

That Republican bolts will join Democratic nuts exarkly.)

So that when one of the above-named parties raises a standard

The supporters of the others are instantly enchandard. One can only conclude of this business:

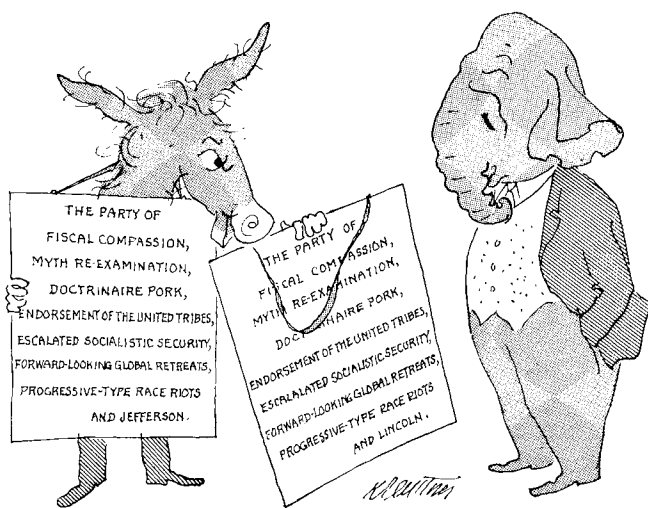
It smacks of Tin Lusiness.

—T.J.W.

Blue Helmets Packing Up

This time it looks as if U Thant means it. The appropriation for the UN military force in the Congo runs out June 30; the Secretary General has made no proposal for additional funds, or for the special session of the General Assembly which would be required to vote them; so, by all the signs, the Blue Helmets are about to disappear from the Congolese landscape.

How is the patient doing after a four-year UN treatment? Observers on the scene report: 1) President Cyrille Adoula, though a decent person, has few qualities of authentic leadership; his government holds authority only in the immediate Léopoldville area, and not much there. 2) General Mobutu's National Congolese Army is too weak, undisciplined and cowardly to keep things together. 3) In several of the provinces, notably Kivu and Kwilu, rebel bands have been in the field for some time, carving up both Negroes and whites. Some of these bands are made up of spontaneous savages, among them the grotesque Bafulero pygmies, who enjoy butchery for



"Better wear this. You'll lose the national election but you'll preserve the one-party system, and, in addition, make Javits and Kuchel feel comfortable, which is what's really important!"

its own sake. Others are being supplied, trained and led by former Lumumbists and Communist agents who are based in Burundi above Lake Tanganyika and Brazzaville across the river from Léopoldville. 4) Most of Katanga remains Tshombist, and has remained passive only because of the presence there of the major part of the UN force. When that goes, the Tshombist gendarmerie, now dispersed in the villages and beyond the Angolan border, will probably come into the open and take over. 5) After June 30 there may be a general slaughter of whites. Large-scale disorder, general lawlessness, economic chaos, and mass killings are a certainty.

Uhuru!

Oxonian Inquisition

Stifled by the prevailing conformity, one hundred and fifty scholars at Oxford University have over the past few years joined the Communist Party. Apparently, however, conformity is not an exclusively capitalistic or reactionary characteristic, because, according to the London newspapers, some twenty-five of the Marxist Oxons were "summoned by Mr. Jerry Pocock, secretary of the South Midlands district of the Party, to see him on May 10." It seems that the members summoned were accused of Trotskyite activities. As Dan Goldstick, 24, of Worcester College explained it, "Mr. Pocock wants to uncover all the Trojan horses there are in the Party."

On the appointed day the suspected dissidents were interviewed for a stretch of five hours, but just how many "extremists" were exposed was not announced, although there were reports that the Socialist Labor League had planted members among the honest-to-

goodness Communists with intent to infiltrate—a practice obviously abhorrent to all good Communists.

As to the interviews, one student, Ian Ward, of Brasenose College and Treasurer of the University Communist Club, came up with the right answer: "It was a perfectly fair and reasonable chat. It wasn't a McCarthy-type inquisition." With at least this difference, one might guess: nobody took the Fifth Amendment.

Notes and Asides

A note to librarians and others who file NATIONAL REVIEW: the present volume sixteen will not end, as has been the habit, at mid-year. It will end, appropriately, at the year's end. We shall not, therefore, be publishing an index in this issue, but rather at the end of the year, covering the entire calendar year.

On the Right

We Too Are Independent

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

We are informed by our correspondents abroad that all of Europe is shattered by California's demented choice of Senator Goldwater over Governor Rockefeller at the primary elections three weeks ago. And to judge from the submissive reactions of our opinion makers, the spirit of the nation has changed greatly from the days when George Washington and his countrymen decided that this nation would embark upon its own course, without consulting the pleasures of George the Third.



Buckley

Truly we have become the most self-doubting country in the world. Spain can decide to start trading with Communist Cuba—so it goes. West Germany can increase its trade with East Germany—no matter. France recognizes Red China, and we mutter our obsequies to Le Grand Charles. Italy increases by one million votes its support of the Communist Party, and we reiterate our faith in the *apertura alla sinistra*. England appoints a prime minister-elect from a socialist party dedicated to the de facto dismantlement of NATO and to the denial to America of a base for its deterrent missiles, and we show a stiff upper lip.

But the Republicans' apparent desire to nominate a man who would adopt towards the Soviet Union a position roughly comparable to that which Winston Churchill wished to adopt towards Nazi Germany a generation ago, rocks a tier of nations whose own diplomacy during the century resulted in grandiose messes which on two occasions we were called upon to redeem at the cost of rather a lot of American lives, and rather a lot of billions of American dollars.

We are very sympathetic, in America, towards manifestations of other peoples' independence, and the time may have come for us gently to assert our own. We too, might be a way to put it, are an independent nation: we too have thrown over the shackles of colonialism, and must be prepared to face the future according to our own lights. It is suggestive of our cultural and psychological satellization by Europe that we should on the one hand treat with equanimity Charles de Gaulle's suggestion for the neutralization of Southeast Asia, and Harold Wilson's muted call for West European neutralization, and yet feel panicked because a lusty majority of Californians has indicated a desire for a Republican President who would reorient American policy in such a way as to prevent another Bay of Pigs, another Berlin Wall, another Korea.

One wonders what the Europeans suppose a two-party system is all

about. Over there they cherish real differences between their parties. There is much more room between de Gaulle and Mendès-France than between Goldwater and Johnson; more between Mende and Adenauer, Scelba and Nenni, Wilson and Home, than between Goldwater and Johnson. What distinguishes Nelson Rockefeller, the loser in California, from Lyndon Johnson is not conflicting views but different identities. The principal argument Mr. Rockefeller has with Mr. Johnson is that Mr. Johnson, rather than Mr. Rockefeller, is President of the United States. The move towards Goldwater is, therefore, a move towards the reaffirmation of a genuine two-party system: towards the kind of thing they have in Europe, which we too should be entitled to.

Our European critics might do well to remind themselves that every time they have got into an inglorious mess, during the past period, an insurgent American voice has bailed them out. Wilson's was a minority voice in America, on the issue of rescuing Europe from the Kaiser. Roosevelt ran athwart the view of the overwhelming majority of his own countrymen when he stirred the country against Hitler. And now an insurgent minority in America seeks to name a Presidential candidate who will stand up to the newest, and most potent threat against Western civilization. It is no more surprising that the English should reject Goldwater, than it was that they should for so long have rejected Churchill. But the majority's disapproval is no reason for steady-minded Americans to reject Goldwater, any more than there was any reason for far-seeing Englishmen to yield to the British appeasers.

The next issue of National Review will bring you a special 16-page supplement on "The Challenge Ahead for a Goldwater Administration" — a most timely and provocative special issue that will put forward solid and responsible conservative proposals on what a Goldwater Administration can accomplish. You won't want to miss it — and neither will your friends! So we make this unprecedented offer, for new subscribers only: National Review, from now thru the election, for

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WHAT YOU WILL GET IN THIS SPECIAL ISSUE:

1 *We quote from the introduction:*

"The long campaign has ended — and, we shall assume, it ended with victory for Barry Goldwater, the next President of the United States. Now he will have power. In ten weeks he will be inaugurated. He has until then to formulate his initial working plans for a better country, and a better world.

What should he do? In foreign policy? In domestic affairs? About certain odd-lot problems? What will the atmosphere be like in the intellectual world, thirty-two years after the start of the Roosevelt Revolution, now that the counter-revolution has set in?

National Review herewith addresses the Goldwater Administration, in an attempt to give some idea of what we will be talking about on November 4, lightning having struck. We speak first about foreign affairs, and James Burnham, the noted strategist and political philosopher, advances some proposals to the Goldwater Administration. In domestic affairs we rely on James Jackson Kilpatrick, the earnest student of the Constitution, eloquent editor of the Richmond News Leader, to give form to the new vision for America. And from Pyrrho, master of the fresh insight, we have a set of proposals that deal with largely unexamined national problems: the slightly off-beat problems that confront every President, and often establish the personality of his Administration.

Read all about it ahead of time — what may be known in retrospect as the Golden Years."

2 *a review of a new book on Barry Goldwater, including a biographical sketch;*

3 *an unusual — and highly enjoyable — commentary on what a Goldwater Administration would mean to the nation's capital: the new faces, who would go, and the hustle and bustle that a real change would produce;*

4 *most provocative of all, a look at what it would mean to America when the love affair between the White House and the Liberal intelligentsia is finally over. This special supplement will contain many surprises you won't want to miss. Make sure your friends read it, too!*

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From WASHINGTON Straight

A Law

► Three months and six million words after it began, the Senate debate on civil rights came to an end last week. Senate leadership, for the first time in history, found the votes to impose cloture on a civil rights debate.

This was no filibuster in the flamboyant style of the Kingfish or Pitchfork Ben Tillman. The bipartisan leadership never called on the nineteen-man Southern team to "talk the bill to death." There were no 'round the clock sessions, except the self-imposed eleventh-hour agony of Sen. Robert Byrd (D., W. Va.). Unfailing courtesy distinguished the debate.

When the Senate was summoned to its duty (to pass judgment on an "idea whose time has come," in Sen. Dirksen's words), 71 senators voted for cloture, with at least two more willing if needed. At the end of the historic roll call, Sen. Howard Cannon of Las Vegas, Nevada came onto the floor from one of the cloakrooms and sheepishly cast his vote for cloture. Unlimited debate is an article of faith in Nevada politics, for it must be preserved to fight passage of anti-gambling legislation. Cannon became the first casualty of cloture pressure in Nevada history.

For all his reserve strength, Sen. Hubert Humphrey, the bill's floor manager, clung to his professed uncertainty of success, which must have been dispelled weeks ago. His caution was more than good theatrics: it was tactically sound also, for the Administration needed time for the spirit of compromise to prevail, time for the Southern retreat to retain some measure of dignity. LBJ does not want to drive key Southern Democrats—such as Virginia's Harry Byrd and South Carolina's Strom Thurmond—into disaffection this year.

As in the House, Republican support for the Administration bill was heavier than Democratic. Only five

Republicans stood with their likely Presidential nominee, Sen. Barry Goldwater, against the imposition of cloture. It was their hope to extend debate so as to permit the Arizonan an opportunity to amend the bill to a form which he could enthusiastically support.

Meanwhile . . .

► Nobody is sorrier to see the civil rights debate pass into history than the House Democratic leadership. While the publicity cats are away, the mice have been running wild.

Last March, in the full glare of publicity, the House voted down the bill to provide pay raises for federal employees by 222 to 184. The White House, however, which has been asking civil servants to dinner at \$100 per plate, saw to it that the bill was reintroduced, with slight modifications as a new proposal, jammed through the docile, heavily Democratic Post Office and Civil Service Committee (in 45 minutes), and set to rest.

The bill was finally called up before the House on the day after the crucial cloture vote in the Senate. The house, experiencing massive second thoughts, voted 243 to 157 to raise their own salaries by \$7,500 annually and grant increases totaling one-half billion dollars to 1.7 million federal employees, mostly Democrats.

Next in line, after the "temporary" debt ceiling has been raised again, may be an executive request for additional funds for the Area Redevelopment Administration. Known locally as the Administration Re-election Agency, the ARA is extremely difficult to impoverish in an election year. It becomes virtually an adjunct of the party in power, porkbarreling economic relief to marginal electoral districts.

Congressional backbone stiffened somewhat last week, however, upon receipt of a voluminous report from

the Comptroller General. The report charges that the ARA has overstated by 128 per cent the number of jobs its projects would create through the accelerated public works program; further, according to the report, the ARA has inflated by 83 per cent the number of jobs already created.

If the Administration can put across the poverty package and the ARA, it may be sufficiently refreshed to press the mass transit bill which has been dusted off for House consideration. The gold rush, which recurs every fourth year, is on.

Warren's Man

► Norman Redlich, the controversial New York University professor, continues to draw his \$100 per day as a consultant to the Warren Commission investigating the assassination of President Kennedy. Provoked by press reports of Redlich's questionable background, the Commission reviewed his record and found no evidence of Communist Party membership. A motion by Commission member Rep. Gerald Ford (R., Mich.) to terminate Redlich's employment was rejected.

Additional information has come to light since Cato first drew attention to Redlich's position on the Commission staff: 1) Since joining the Commission on December 20th, Redlich has retained his position on the national council of the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee, which has been cited as a Communist front by two congressional committees and FBI director J. Edgar Hoover. 2) Redlich's name was signed to an ad soliciting funds for the defense of the three "students" indicted by a federal grand jury last fall for illegal travel to Castro Cuba. (The three are members of the Progressive Labor Party, an officially cited front, and have admitted publicly to CP membership.) The ad appeared in the *Nation*, December 21, 1963, and in *Frontier*, February 1964. 3) Redlich's name appeared in a list of "sponsors" in the February 21, 1964 issue of *Abolition News*, the bulletin of the National Committee to Abolish the House Un-American Activities Committee, an officially cited front. (Seven top members of NCAHUAC have been identified as Communists.)

—CATO

Tears for the Grand Old Party

Mrs. Luce's postmortem on the Cleveland Conference, after Mr. Scranton had said over the air that he had no basic disagreements with Mr. Goldwater

CLARE BOOTHE LUCE

Come, Republicans, all legitimate heirs of Abraham Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt! Come, let us the loved ones mourn the demise of the Grand Old Party.

Come, fellow Liberals, moderates, midstream breast-stroke swimmers, all who fought for Willkie, Vandenberg, Eisenhower, Rockefeller, Lodge, and Scranton—(please, Harold, let go of our sleeve!)—and for Stassen. . . .

Here are the hearses—all Cadillacs. Our line forms on the left for the funeral march, our cortège is small, but distinguished. Let no foot falter, no knee buckle, as we mournfully meander towards the mausoleum, the Cow Palace. (Please, everybody, remember to bring your own Kleenex.)

O sorrow unfathomable, O grief unutterable, O stark, bleak withers-wringing woe! We are going to bury the Grand Old Party!

Ah, the doom—crack!—the gavel falls: *"The 28th Convention of the Republican Party is now called to order."*

First Knell

Who is to blame for this bitter, senseless, soul-searching tragedy? Be honest: we cannot blame the Press, they howled like banshees, wailed like air-raid sirens: "Stop Goldwater." They warned us, the Washington commentators, the panelists, the pollsters, the widely syndicated readers of political entrails, the ink-stained St. Georges of democracy, growing pale, shaking like men with the ague, they portended—bidding us to forfend this catastrophe.

Ah, tolls now the first death knell: *"Alabama casts its 20 votes for Senator Barry Goldwater."*

Do you remember, last year (when, omigod, there was still time!), what

beads of sweat appeared on the Jovian brow — Walter Lippmann's — dank dripping from the laurel leaves, they too, trembling like aspens? Oh, he abjured us, for our own sakes, he, Lippmann, for three decades the dear daily companion of our breakfast juice, the Peer of Pundits, the King Canute of Columnists, the Plato, the Philosopher King of Journalism—he told us that this would be suicide. He told us that President Johnson wanted to beat a Liberal. (Alas, Lippmann, not omnipotent nor even omniscient—his crystal ball fogged over: he also told us this . . . thing . . . could never happen.)

Ah, again the funereal bell: *"California casts 86 votes for Senator Barry Goldwater."*

O ears that were deaf to Walter Lippmann's Olympian command — "Draft Scranton!"—hear now our own wails, our only choice (as usual), their echoes. Alas, too late our lamenting, too tardy our breast-beating! How futile now the long hard winter of our whimperings and whinings!

Ding-dong . . . *"Connecticut casts all its 16 votes for Goldwater."*

We cannot blame the Democrats.

They, too, the New Frontiersmen, sought to save us. All highbrows, all intellectual Alpinists, all biographers of the late John F. Kennedy, all Harvard, Princeton, Yale men, even Cornell and Dartmouth men (at least those who don't use their Phi Beta Kappa keys for cleaning their fingernails), all people with higher-than-average IQ's and whiter-than-snow white collars, all the inner-directed, those of status and stature—all told us this grave was yawning.

Archaic Cause

Again that knell of doom: *"Illinois casts 58 votes for Senator Goldwater of Arizona!"*

Now is the moment of truth—too late have we faced it: Barry will be licked to a pulp, crushed, smashed, annihilated, smeared from the Golden Gate to Brooklyn Bridge (via the shores of Passamaquoddy Bay). Barry, caught at last with his Conservative pants down, all his Extremists showing, will be buried (beside Alf Landon) under the Johnson landslide in November.

Ding-dong . . . ding: *"Michigan passes, while it polls its delegation."*



Lippmann: ". . . his crystal ball fogged over . . ."

O fateful creed, conservatism, this stale smell, this senile, démodé, putrescent, outworn, archaic, antediluvian, reactionary, *Square* cause! (But who would have thought the feeble old thing had so many ballots in it?) Alas, how the *Squares*, the noisy, know-nothing, non-Ivy League *Squares* have crept up on us, dug us out of our mouse-holes, undone us!

Ask not for whom the bell tolls: "*Ohio proudly casts all its 58 votes for the Senator from Arizona.*"

(Sorry, Senator Javits, we're fresh out of Kleenex. . .)

No, we've none but ourselves to blame. Conservatism will be rejected, repudiated, thrown out, buried full forty fathoms deep, out on the lone prairie, in a nameless grave—a chewed-up, battered, bloodied, ten-gallon hat its only marker . . . marking, too, the final disappearance of the Old Frontier (except, of course, on television). Yes, this is the Conservative score, Goldwater's fate, and the funeral of our Party. The funeral too, alas, of our brave little band of Liberals.

The shroud is measured: "*New Jersey casts 40 votes for the next Republican President, Barry Goldwater.*"

(Just use your sleeve, Senator Javits—the cameras are still focused on the fight in the Michigan delegation.)

Ah, it's Goldwater over the dam, and the Grand Old Party damned, doomed, done in, kicked in the . . . kicking the bucket. Oh, how did this



Nixon: ". . . his finest hour."

unutterable thing ever happen? What timidity, indifference, what cowardice, what failure of nerve, what—what's that you say? Of course, you've got it—we were betrayed! Where is the scoundrel, the villain who slipped in the knife? Who ambushed, waylaid us, pulled out the rug, greased the ways, sprang the booby trap, gave us the *coup de grâce* in our hour of extremity?

Let us not blame Lodge. The man is too busy attending the funerals of burning bonzes to be the Burned Brahmin at this one. And who can blame Rockefeller? See him, mourning now, sadder than all, wiser by far, poorer by millions! No, Rocky is without blame, first in the fray, he was gutsy, folksy, he stayed the course, grinning, handshaking, orating, haranguing, always raising money and a standard for the wise (but not, alas, for the wives) to repair to. He fought, yes, on two fronts—Liberalism, and love. (Honor the politician, honor the lover. And don't forget to send condolences to Happy.) Let us remember, we owe him a debt, he played the role we assigned to him, a stalking horse, our front man, his mission to tenderize Goldwater, deadlock the Convention for Scranton. None can gibe, cast aspersions, blame Rocky for this debacle. Still, more aspersions than ballots were actually cast. . . .

Can we make Nixon the goat? (After all, he was never really one of us.) But he tried, at the Governors' Conference in Cleveland, to undercut Barry—yes, turned on him, beating his breast for a deadlocked Convention . . . in a way, it was his finest hour! No, we cannot toss the tomatoes at him for this one. Then who? Whose nerve failed? Not Romney's; he too demanded we await the ukase from a smoke-filled room at the Convention. (But he was a touch insulting to us, as though we had been deliberately playing the pea and shell game!) Alas, the culprit? Only one remains—Scranton. See him now, the irreproachable pall-bearer, white gloves (and pocketbook) neatly folded, eyes cast down, sights lowered discreetly on a second-echelon draft for the Vice Presidency. . . . Was he really too modest, simply overly cautious? No matter now, he cannot be held



Rocky: ". . . first in the fray . . ."

wholly innocent; he is an Ivy-Leaguer, a Yalie, and he read Lippmann with his breakfast coffee, he knew that the Prophet wanted him to be the Sacrifice of Abraham. Yes, we must fault Scranton; he wanted Ike to lead him like Little Boy Blue, by the hand, put lifts under his heels, push him (modestly protesting) into the great midstream, run along on the bank, shouting, Oh, see how our noble Leander now braves the furious Hellespont of the Hustings, for our sakes! Yes, we must fault Scranton—too coy, too cool, and too cautious.

Liberal Heartbreak

Taps! "*Pennsylvania moves to make the nomination of Barry Goldwater unanimous.*"

It is finished. Now break, all generous, Liberal hearts! Now crack, all minds open to drafts and to reason! (But please make some effort to smile—the television is pointed our way.)

Yes, we have examined our consciences, searched our hearts: we are guiltless. Where else can we search for a scapegoat? What say? On the golf course? Shall we ask where Ike was on the D-Day of Liberal Republicanism, what second fronts he opened against Barry, and opened and closed and opened and closed again like an accordion? Ah, Ike, what triumphal arches have we not built in the past for you to pass through (and we ourselves enjoyed

(Continued on p. 538)

Aid for the Needy— The Need for a New Look

ELSPETH HUXLEY

Hardly a day goes by without it being drummed into us that aid for the underdeveloped countries must be stepped up sharply, stepped up quickly and stepped up for years to come. This is accepted alike by the main aid-giving countries and by the Afro-Asian emergent states who, understandably, miss no chance to underscore their desperate needs, the duties owed by richer nations to poorer brethren and the regrettable necessity



Elspeth Huxley

they will be under, if such aid should prove inadequate or grudging, to seek it in Moscow, East Berlin or Peking.

Duty and self-interest link hands in their support for this proposition. Duty, because it's just as wrong for rich nations to get richer and poor ones poorer (and that's what is happening) as it was, in bygone days, for millionaires to wallow in tax-free luxury while paupers starved outside their door. And just as this social evil produced the French and Russian Revolutions, so will similar injustice on a world scale lead to even bloodier revolutions from which Communism will emerge on top. So to the underdeveloped nations we must give massive aid which will at once develop their resources and prevent the USSR and the Chinese People's Republic from moving in.

Philanthropy plus *Realpolitik* if you like—or guilt plus bribery, it's all the same. *Danegeld* over again. But *Danegeld* never did buy off the Danes. On the contrary, strengthened by this valuable tribute, they grew bolder and fiercer and eventually mopped up the ancient Britons. But that is by the way.

The main proposition can't be dis-

puted, but it badly needs a careful scrutiny. How much aid are we giving now, how much can we give in future and how is it being used? Wisely, wastefully or, in plain words, corruptly? Who decides on its uses? Who carries out its projects and how?

First, as to quantity of aid. The United States, France, Britain and West Germany are the main givers, in that order, followed by Japan and Belgium. Over half the total sum (56 per cent) given by richer nations to the poorer ones, estimated in 1962 at not far short of \$7 billion, came from the United States. In terms of national effort, however, France led the field, with 2.41 per cent of the gross national product devoted to all forms of overseas aid, as against 1.17 per cent for Germany, 1.32 per cent for Britain and 0.97 per cent for the United States.

Taking aid to Africa alone, and leaving Asia and Latin America right out of the picture, in 1962 French bilateral aid—direct from country to country—totaled roughly \$950 million, of which Algeria had the lion's share. To Africa the United States gave \$550 million, Britain \$264 million and West Germany \$12 million. But these figures do not fairly reflect the national efforts involved, because Africa's share of the total varies widely. The United States allocated about 11 per cent of her total aid to Africa, Germany only 3 per cent, whereas the French concentrated heavily on their sixteen former African dependencies and over half the British aid went to Africa.

This is the extent, roughly speaking, of bilateral aid: country-to-country loans, gifts, and payments in kind such, for instance, as paying for experts and technicians. Here again the French are well in the lead with some 46,000 of their nationals carrying French expertise and culture overseas; over 70 in every hundred of these are teachers. On top of

all this, a growing stream of aid flows out through international channels such as the United Nations special fund for technical assistance, the European Development Fund of the Common Market, the World Bank, the FAO and WHO agencies of the United Nations, and so on. Then there are quasi-charitable funds such as the UN's Feed the Hungry Campaign, UNICEF, Save the Children and other bodies which finance educational and technical projects. Finally come the large commercial investments, often on a massive scale, such as French oil developments in the Sahara and the Volta hydroelectric and bauxite scheme in Ghana. No one has been able to reach an estimate of these.

The Inevitable 'Plan'

After a flag, an anthem, a single party and a national leader, every newly independent nation equips itself with a Development Plan. These provide not merely economic goals, but symbols of resurgence. They map a primrose path not to dalliance but to power and glory; towards American living standards, towards industrialization, towards progress of every kind. If freedom, so far, has unaccountably failed to introduce the millenium, this elusive condition will still come riding in on the back of the latest Development Plan.

Such Plans seem to be hatched in a glorious euphoric incubator quite detached from reality. Sierra Leone, for example, with a population of 2.5 million, an annual budget of \$40 million and exports worth \$75 million a year, plans to lay out just on \$500 million, of which over \$200 million is to come from overseas. But so far only about \$45 million of this has been promised (in that order) by Britain, the United States, Sweden, France, Canada, Israel and the World Bank. With fading hopes, Sierra Leoneans are shopping around for the rest.

Imagination boggles at Nigeria's Plan, which spends on paper, in six years, some \$2 billion from public sources alone, quite apart from normal budgetary spending and commercial investment. Of this Nigeria has been so far promised less than one-sixth, plus another ten per cent to be raised internally. Even the hopeful

Nigerians are beginning to wonder whether their planners have not soared away into a golden haze of wishful thinking. There are signs that most of the emergent countries are just beginning to awake from their glittering post-*uhuru* dreams.

One of the troubles is that euphoric planners in their air-conditioned ivory towers lack nearly all the data every planner needs. Statistics never were all that reliable, but now almost all the people who collected, collated, tabulated and digested them, who had white faces, have gone. Their black-faced successors, however able, don't possess the training, and you can't make sense of figures without a high degree of expertise. So the planners are like spiders who spin intricate webs from their own insides.

Another class which is no longer represented consists of people who draw up applications for overseas aid. A practitioner in Nairobi told me that the documents needed to apply for a loan to develop the city's water supply weighed 24 pounds, about as much as an 18-months-old child. "When I go," he added, "there'll be no one who can fill in the forms." It seems ridiculous, but in some cases this gap in African technology is throttling applications for aid.

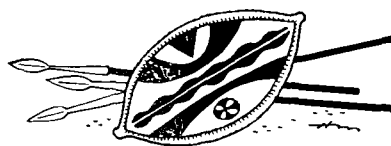
More Obstacles

More serious is the conviction among most aid-giving nations that altogether too much money is leaking away. Political corruption is widespread, inevitable and growing. A good deal of this can, and must, be tolerated, but there is a limit which, in some countries, has been reached. No one is more disturbed about all this than many responsible Africans. Commissions of inquiry have been outspoken and severe, but have failed to check abuses, whose causes reach right back to the roots of African life in the extended family, and in ancient traditions so deeply embedded that to pull them out would destroy much that Africans value most.

Finally, there is the factor that overshadows everything: the fantastic population explosion which is blowing sky-high hopes for social and economic progress in any country you can name.

Let us, once more, name Nigeria. Here this year's census revealed not

merely sixteen million extra, unsuspected persons—a count of 56 million instead of the believed 40 million, that is, an error of some 40 per cent—but that Nigeria's population is increasing at a rate no one has hitherto thought possible, the highest rate of increase in the world. Nigeria's annual rate is 5.5 per cent, which will double the population in thirteen years, and compares with a rate (probably underestimated) of 1.8 per cent for the continent as a whole. (In the U.S., 3.1 per cent; in Europe, 0.7 per cent.) Most of these humans



will be consumers rather than producers and, in a non-industrialized country, what are they to do?

These figures make nonsense of a Plan based on an annual population increase of between 2 and 2.5 per cent. More schools, more teachers, more hospitals, more doctors, more vets, more administrators, more everything from drugs to blackboards and trousers to tractors are needed; and where is the cash? Britain, with an annual population growth of 0.05 per cent, needs a 4 per cent rate of economic growth to raise the income of her citizens by 3 per cent. A 5.5 per cent population rise calls for a totally impossible rate of economic growth to achieve any rise at all in the people's living standards. In fact, Nigeria's citizens won't even be able to hold on to the low living standards they already have, if the census is right. Like the Red Queen in *Through the Looking-Glass*, they must keep running as hard as they can go to stay in the same place.

So gloomy is the prospect that everyone turns his head away. The time has surely come to face the situation honestly and to reassess the whole pattern, aim and possibility of overseas aid.

At present, the aid-giving nations appear not only to be attempting the impossible, their heads stuck well into the sand, but actually to be making matters worse. By pouring money into "infrastructural" plans, they may underwrite improvidence and corruption; every scheme they

back which encourages people to breed may simply build up pressure which will finally blow off the lid. If the boiler's battened down without a safety valve, is it philanthropic, or just plain silly, to shovel on the coals?

Pre-Industrial Conditions

Or take free education, to Western minds a wholly desirable goal. Under present African conditions, it merely encourages everyone to raise larger and ever larger families and throw their education on to the community. Perhaps a steeply graduated tax on every child after the first two, rising to prohibitive heights, would be more sensible, statesmanlike and humane. New thinking, revolutionary ideas, a wholly fresh approach are needed. We go on supposing that conditions in the pre-industrial societies of Africa can be judged and handled on the same basis as those in the complex, post-industrial societies of America and Europe. This is a fallacy. The sooner we face this, the better for everyone. It may be that not another Western cent should be spent in any underdeveloped country until a population policy has been accepted and put into effect.

That such a policy is not impossible has been demonstrated by Japan. A full-scale, all-out investigation into ways and means of restraining human fertility, now that medical science has abolished nature's checks and balances, needs to take precedence over everything else. A direct ratio might be established between rate of population growth and disbursement of aid—the lower the rate of population growth, the higher the aid allotments, and vice versa. It makes no sense if those who limit their own families in the interests of citizenship must help to pay for the limitless and self-indulgent fecundity of others, which in itself threatens the world's stability and destroys the prospects of a better life.

All this is conjectural. What seems to be established is the case for a fresh, impartial, unprejudiced and, above all, honest and courageous look at the whole question by the aid-giving and aid-receiving countries working together, before any more sweet waters are poured away into the sand—or into the sieve.

Do Platforms Need All Those Planks?

How did the oleomargarine plank get slipped into the 1948 Democratic platform? Herewith a gentle hope to cure such folly, whether Dem. or Rep.

FREDERIC NELSON

If it hadn't brought back memories of the Democratic convention of 1924 in Madison Square Garden ("Alabama casts twenty-four votes for Underwood!"), Senator Goldwater's suggestion for shorter and unfunnier party platforms might not have rung such a clamorous bell with me. That convention is famous with most people because it took almost a month not to nominate Al Smith and finally came up with John W. Davis, as near to a throw-away candidate as you could find, barring Landon.

However, the day I sat in with the sweating delegates, the debate which had everybody up and screaming was not the candidate, but the platform. And the issue was about as silly as issues can get, even in a pre-air-conditioning convention hall. It was: Should the platform mention the Ku Klux Klan by name, or content itself with a plank endorsing freedom of religion, etc.? As I recall it, the platform committee had approved the second alternative and the matter was taken to the floor, where it went to the mat repeatedly for most of a whole day, winding up with an impassioned speech by William Jennings Bryan which few could hear because of the noise machines in the Tammany-packed galleries. Even the band got into the act by playing "Marching Through Georgia," thus forcing the Georgia delegation to leave the premises. And now, darned if I can remember whether the platform named the Klan or not!

Some 1924 Planks

You didn't have to be a political genius to figure that it wouldn't have made any appreciable difference which way the delegates decided. In the North, the Klan was the hooded symbol for intolerance of Jews, Catholics and Negroes. In

the South, it represented a sort of half-baked 100 per cent Americanism and included, besides the majority of lintheads, some fairly impressive members—many for politics only—like the young future senator and Supreme Court Justice, Hugo Black. The Tammany shouters weren't going to vote for Calvin Coolidge, whatever Madison Square did about the Klan, and the same went for Southern Democrats. They would have stayed with their party if its convention had torn the Klan to pieces, in the choicest platform-type rhetoric.

Another platform issue came up in that convention: what to do about the League of Nations? Should the party of Woodrow Wilson endorse it, or mutter something about co-operating with all well-disposed nations? Newton D. Baker, who had been Wilson's Secretary of War, made an impassioned speech in behalf of the League. "I feel the spirit of Woodrow Wilson palpably about me!" he shouted, begging the delegates not to turn their backs on the man who had made their party stand for something besides white supremacy in the South and ward heeling in the North. Of course the last thing most of the delegates wanted palpably about them was the spirit of Woodrow Wilson. They had had it, many attributing the humiliating defeat of 1920 to the party's endorsement of the League. If connection with the League could permit even a stuffed poker player like Harding to win a national election, the League issue seemed a good one to scratch from the card.

Here again, I fail to recall what happened, although I suspect that

the League must have been at least tepidly supported, or Davis wouldn't have taken the nomination. After all, he had so little chance to win the Presidency that he might at least be permitted to hang onto his principles.

Nuisance Value

All this isn't saying that parties shouldn't have platforms, or that what they contain makes no difference. There is a nuisance value in, say, a plank pledging the party not to recognize Red China or support its claim to membership in the United Nations. A President elected on a platform containing such a pledge would have to move with considerable adroitness and be sure he had covered his tracks, if he undertook to go back on his party's promise to the voters. On the other hand, Franklin D. Roosevelt, who made government extravagance a way of life, was elected on a platform which promised the strictest economy and took the hide off the Hoover Administration for reckless indifference to a balanced budget!

Just the same, whether the candidate can be compelled to stay put or not, a party does need to produce some reason, beyond the charm of its leaders, why the people ought to support it. Senator Goldwater is for



that. I imagine he would not be against such hoopla as this from the GOP platform: "Our party was born for freedom's sake. It is still the party of full freedom in our country." And Democrats can hardly swear off this kind of thing from the Democratic platform of 1956: "Our people have now learned that the party of Lincoln has been made captive to big business men of small minds. They have found that they are now ruled by a government which they did not elect, and to which they have not given their consent."

While there are people who maintain that God gave us Eisenhower, I had supposed it was generally accepted that he had been elected. Anyway the people missed the point of the Democratic sally, if they ever saw it, for Eisenhower got in again.

Generalities and Trivia

A certain amount of sound and fury, along with a look at the record of our side and their side, belongs. But surely, the final document need not take up fifteen pages of a news magazine, like the Democratic trumpet call of 1952, which contained paragraphs like this:

"We will continue to work for bet-

ter health for every American, especially our children. We pledge continued and wholehearted support for the campaign that modern medicine is waging against mental illness, cancer, heart disease and other diseases."

Efforts to slip in a rheumatoid arthritis plank seemed to have failed.

Perhaps my favorite exhibit among trivia which get into party platforms is this one from Democratic 1948:

"We favor the repeal of the discriminatory taxes on the manufacture and sale of oleomargarine."

Having attended a national convention or two, I can picture the delegation of oleo public relations men, the conference in Room 3864, the frantic efforts to get through to "somebody friendly on the platform committee," the alerting of the dairy men, the final solution: "You boys are getting price supports for butter, so what if we take the tax off their stuff?"

Probably a good idea, but as a part of a solemn statement of public policy, I don't think Jefferson would like it.

The Republican platform for 1956 was pretty solid, sticking for the most part to basic principles of government, like budget balancing, elimination of loyalty risks from govern-

ment (not completely achieved, by the way), peace, etc. Still and all, even though it was a direct quote from President Eisenhower, I can't see that "government must have a heart as well as a head" added much to public understanding of the party's aims. Perhaps Senator Goldwater could use part of it as a slogan: "Government, have a heart!"

All-Night Labors

Despite the probability that few voters read party platforms all the way through, an incredible amount of energy is expended in whacking them together. The platform committee labors all night, wrestling with such problems as whether to insert a plank "recognizing the importance of the use of water in arid land states for domestic and irrigation purposes" (Dem. 1944). It must have taken some really impressive lobbying to get into the GOP platform of 1960 the statement that "we favor a change in the Electoral College system to give every voter a fair chance in Presidential elections." A worthy cause, but was anything heard about it during the campaign? Anyway the 1960 Republican platform builders managed to omit windy statements like this from their 1948 statement of principles:

"We aim always to unite and to strengthen; never to weaken or divide. In such a brotherhood will we Americans get results. Thus we will overcome all obstacles."

Four years earlier, the Democrats, while declaring that our soldiers "do not die as Republicans. They do not die as Democrats. They die as Americans," proceeded to point out that it was the Democratic Party which "alerted the nation," "worked out the proper strategy with our allies," built the Army, Navy and Air Force, and was about to "lead our country to certain victory."

Well, platform writers may or may not write as Americans, but they certainly write as Democrats or Republicans, and when they get to writing, they have a hard time signing off. Maybe the Goldwater suggestion of blue pencils for platform rhetoricians will get somewhere, if only because even the most verbose statesman wants his outgivings to be read.

Memo: To All Department Heads From: His Honor

Let's get rid of the corruption!
Let's bring back the good old days!
Let's keep honest men in office!
(Let's all vote ourselves a raise.)

Keep the subways safe for riders!
Keep the streets safe after dark!
Keep the teen-age gangs from fighting!
(Keep away from Central Park.)

Give policemen bigger billies!
Give the firemen sharper axes!
Give the garbagemen new brushes!
(Give the citizen higher taxes.)

With these long-range goals before you,
Knuckle down and do your job;
When in doubt, form a committee.

(Signed) Yours truly, Fighting Bob
JOHN MORRESSY

Principles and Heresies

The Republican Platform

FRANK S. MEYER

WITH GOLDWATER'S nomination assured on the first ballot with upwards of 700 votes, the Liberal leaders who have so long lorded it over the Republican Party have been exhibiting all the symptoms of an acute state of shock.

The performance at and around the Governors' Conference, with Scranton, Romney and Rockefeller contradicting themselves and each other, amid uncertain winds wafting from Gettysburg,



Meyer

was high comedy. A stop-Goldwater movement would have been difficult enough had California gone the other way. Now, despite Scranton's last-minute drive, it is essentially without substance.

The final reliance of the opposition is upon a much more serious and potentially deadly tactic, the outlines of which are easily discernible in the statement of leading Republican Liberals. Whatever the motivations of this tactic may be, its effect if successful would be to embarrass Goldwater and ensure the victory of Johnson in November.

It is a two-pronged attack. The first thrust has been in the making throughout the primary campaign and is now concentrating in full force. It was summed up in Rockefeller's famous "mainstream" attack. It represents the outrage of the Liberal Establishment that anyone would dare to ignore their acceptable list of truths and appeal directly to the sentiments of the American people, and it represents their determination to suppress a successful expression of those sentiments. Their original hope was to defeat Goldwater for the nomination; now it is to "transform" or hobble him so that there can be no clear statement to the electorate. To buttress their arguments, they draw

on every source, from the speculations of left-wing intellectuals and the vaporings of the European press to the wildest extrapolations of the discredited pollsters.

This first enveloping thrust, general in its nature, is to be followed up and driven home by the direct effort to force on the Republican convention a platform consonant with the Liberal viewpoint and conceived to make a Goldwater campaign on conservative principles impossible: The platform is the last stand of those Republicans whose concern for the security of their ideological position makes them determined, having lost to Goldwater in fair fight, to defeat him by indirect means.

Johnson can be beaten by Goldwater, because Goldwater, running on a Goldwater platform, will give form and substance to the native beliefs of the American people, beliefs which have had no champion in the last seven Presidential elections. Those beliefs, not Rockefeller's Establishment ideology, are in the true "mainstream" of America. They represent the American consensus, the fundamental American commitment to limited government, individual freedom and individual initiative, prosperity based on productivity and untrammelled by bureaucratic governmental power, and a firm policy against dangers from abroad.

It is because Goldwater expresses this consensus that he has become the unchallengeable choice of the Republican Party. If that image remains untarnished, it is as the champion of this consensus that he can win. If a Liberal platform or an ambiguous platform forces upon him an ambiguous role, his greatest asset will be taken from him and he will stand little better chance than Willkie, Dewey, or Nixon before him.

Every effort is being made to hide this truth. The clear understandings of the American consensus are ridiculed as nostalgic, provincial pipe dreams. Indeed "provincial" is a fa-

vorite epithet with which Goldwater has been attacked. He may be "provincial" in that the consensus he represents is anathema to the established "leaders of opinion" of the East. But that consensus is the consensus of a "province" that stretches from the Pacific to the Appalachians and down the southern half of the East Coast. The West, the Middle West, and the South comprise his "province," with an overwhelming majority of the electoral votes.

It is to the consensus agreed upon by the voters of this "province," as well as by large numbers in the Northeast in rebellion against their self-appointed leaders, that the Republican platform must appeal. It could do so best if, following Goldwater's preference, it were a brief, sharp, ringing declaration of principle. But if tradition and the opinion of the Convention demand a more conventional platform, then, at all costs, a platform on which Goldwater can win must, without extremism or irresponsibility, reject compromise with the Liberal doctrines of the Johnson Administration.

It should stand for a program of prosperity based upon personal energy released from governmental trammels, upon productivity, as against the Johnson Administration's inflationary handouts disguised as "war against poverty" and designed to increase the power of a swollen bureaucracy.

It should stand for equality before the law of all Americans and at the same time for the protection of the individual rights and choices of all Americans in their private lives and activities, as against the Johnson Administration's encouragement of racial strife, civil violence, and federal regulation of the lives of individual citizens.

It should stand for a firm policy against Communism and the rejection of the Communist propaganda line of coexistence, as against the Johnson Administration's appeasing adoption of coexistence theories, its flirtation with recognition of Communist China, its acceptance of the permanent presence of Communist strongholds in the Western Hemisphere.

Such a platform would be the victorious platform of the American consensus.

Letter from the Continent

The Greek-Turkish Tension

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

The events in Cyprus have led to a serious tension between two NATO members: Greece and Turkey. And though the whole affair seems somewhat archaic, it cannot be laughed off. The Soviet Union, Turkey's immediate neighbor, is showing an undue interest in the troubles, while certain political circles in Greece are talking openly about leaving NATO if Turkey, a member of CENTO and thus linked to NATO, does not cease her retaliatory measures against the Greek element in Turkey.



Kuehnelt-Leddihn

Regarded objectively, the age-old hatred between Turks and Greeks is quite senseless because, at least from a visual viewpoint, they are far more alike than dissimilar. When the first Osmanic Turks appeared in Anatolia they resembled their cousins, the Turkomans and the Tartars, but today the differences are hardly noticeable. The Turks formed merely a thin layer of conquerors who, with a modicum of pressure, forced the Islamic faith on the conquered and converted sizeable groups of Greeks, or at least Greek-speaking inhabitants, as late as the eighteenth century. The change in religion created new loyalties and new outlooks. It does make a difference whether one believes in some sort of free cooperation between God and Man—or in Kismet.

Both Turks and Greeks have their inferiority complexes, both nurture mutual suspicions and unfathomable animosities. All over Turkey one finds Greek and Roman (besides Hittite) remains; these mute witnesses of a submerged Christian past remind the Turks that they are newcomers. Constantinople fell only after Columbus was born and Cyprus was

conquered 38 years before Jamestown was founded.

The Turks, now going through the disease called nationalism which almost killed Europe, are looking with a jaundiced eye at the Greeks—who are by no means free from this disease either. In the old days the Turks harbored the comforting notion that, as followers of the Prophet, they were the True Believers and the Christians mere *Giaours*. This feeling of a sort of aristocratic superiority is now vanishing fast, and what remains is sheer ethnic nationalism without even a sound racist excuse. And the 90,000 Greeks left in European Turkey who have no right to settle on the shores of Anatolia, have their own psychological difficulties, under the pressure of 25 million Turks. In Istanbul all non-Moslems automatically draw together: Greeks, Catholic Levantines, Armenians, and Jews. There is a Moslem and a non-Moslem society.

Vision of Enosis

The Turkish element in Cyprus (not without good reason) has refused to be made a microscopic minority in a Greater Greece to which all Greek Cypriots aspire, though their ambitions have been thwarted from outside. When they fought against Britain the Greek Cypriots were not dreaming of a separate Cypriot nation; their vision was *Enosis*, "Unification" with the motherland. The Turkish Cypriots, on the other hand, felt that their only chance lay in an independent Cyprus where they could at least make themselves heard. This dream has now come to an end . . . at least in human terms.

Who bears the guilt for starting the mutual massacre in Cyprus? This question is, I'm afraid, immaterial. (How comforting if we could point an accusing finger at specific persons!) From a purely local point of view, the government of President-Archbishop Makarios is by no means

blameless and the lack of wider perspectives on the part of all those engaged in the "hostilities" strikes one as preposterous. Yet we are apt to forget that peoples in different parts of the world are living in different historical periods. In Cyprus the late nineteenth or early twentieth century still continues. Memories of Marcantonio Bragandino, martyred by the Turks in 1571, as well as of the 1764 massacre, are as alive today as if these tragedies had occurred yesterday.

Therefore it is idle to pretend that the clash between Turks and Greeks on Cyprus is not a delayed-action fragment of the older and bigger Greek - Turkish antagonism now threatening to bring back a past period. Both Turks and Greeks are irascible and we now are facing the danger of schism in Greek-Turkish relations while both sides blissfully forget the presence of a third, vastly superior force—the USSR. Already the Turks are talking of liquidating the ancient Greek Patriarchate in Istanbul (another "reminder" of the Greek past!), while the Greeks, not having a Turkish minority, could only revenge themselves by tearing down the house of Mustapha Kemal Ataturk in Salonica . . . or by leaving NATO.

Yet, both Turks and Greeks, oddly enough, aspire to be good Europeans. The behavior of certain Greeks in Cyprus, however, seems rather "un-European," whereas the Turks, represented in only a small corner of Europe, "work" very hard at their Europeanism. Both Turks and Greeks issue annually special "European" stamps with the inscription *Evropi* and *Avrupa* respectively. Yet the popular passions tear them apart, as in ancient Constantinople, when Blues and Greens murdered each other idiotically during the reign of Justinian. The governments, worried about their popularity, have to take these childish emotions most seriously into consideration. And for this reason, in order to avoid greater tragedies, greater mischief, and greater disorder, the ugly thing called partition is once more being considered. And whereas the world's great religions are desperately attempting to get together, historic fatality and lack of maturity and good will are drawing the nations apart.

Two Marshals—II

Monty

SIR ARNOLD LUNN

The reputation of Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery as an outstanding general has only been reinforced by the attempts to belittle his achievement. Those who criticize him for being over-cautious have forgotten the situation which he inherited. Shortly before he took command of the Eighth Army, Mr. Aneurin Bevan stated in the House of Commons that the Army had lost confidence in British generals, and suggested that some of the foreign generals then in England, Poles and Czechs, should be given command.

Monty restored the morale of the Eighth Army by never risking defeat, and by his ruthlessness in dismissing subordinate commanders who had blundered. A friend of mine in the War Office said, "Officers who were posted to the War Office after serving under Monty in North Africa were like men from a different planet." A colonel in the Brigade of Guards said to me, "I never liked Monty, but it's plain foolish to belittle him as a general. I was less impressed by his victories in North Africa where his Army outnumbered and outgunned Rommel, than by his performance on the retreat to Dunkirk. That rear-guard action was a model."

Exploited His Mistakes

Monty was proud that his memoirs were not "ghosted," but he need hardly have troubled to proclaim the fact that he wrote every word himself. They are pure Monty from the first page to the last. One evening at Mürren when we were discussing his memoirs, Monty said with pride, "You will have noted that I admitted my mistakes," and he was not particularly pleased when I remarked that I had never known him to admit a mistake unless, as in this book, he could exploit the admission for some controversial advantage. Monty seldom enjoyed verbal controversy, and invariably brought an abrupt conclusion to any argument when he was

forced on the defensive, but I was impressed by the subtlety of his review of Lord Alexander's memoirs in the *Sunday Times* a couple of years ago. He praised the book highly, and ignored Lord Alexander's remark that Monty's "great prestige would be higher still if he had given a little more credit to those who had made his victories possible." His comment on Lord Alexander that "he never interfered or suggested that what I was doing might be done better some other way," which reads like a generous tribute, is in effect a reiteration of the claim implied in his own memoirs that he was entitled to the sole credit not only for the tactics, which is obvious, but also for the strategy of the battles in North Africa.

I met Monty's father, Bishop Montgomery, and his mother shortly before I married his mother's niece. Though I saw very little of the Bishop, I find it easy to understand Monty's reverence for his father, but in many ways he is more like his mother, a masterful lady from whom Monty inherited his genius for leadership. It was his mother who ran the household, doling out half-crowns to the Bishop when he lunched at the Athenaeum, and it was from his mother that Monty inherited his refusal to be intimidated by convention and his conviction that the world is divided into those who create and those who are overawed by precedents.

Mrs. Montgomery certainly created an unconventional precedent when she decided to call herself Lady Montgomery. Her husband, like many bishops, was a Knight Commander of the Victorian Order, but the mode of address "lady" is only correct in the case of the wife of a knight who has

received the accolade, which neither bishops nor foreigners admitted to British Orders of Knighthood do receive.

Like Napoleon, Monty was a great showman, and his showmanship was an important factor in restoring morale. His famous black beret with its two badges helped to advertise his presence when he was near the front line, and had a great influence on morale, but was criticized by the King as an unconventional deviation. "I told the King," Monty said to me, "that if a revolutionary mob was demonstrating outside Buckingham Palace, he might be quite glad to see my beret as a rallying point for loyal troops."

Criticized Ike's Strategy

Monty claims that if his advice had been taken the war would have ended in 1944, but though he criticized General Eisenhower's strategy, he admired his handling of a difficult team.

"Ike," he once said to me, "was a supremely good lubricator." Monty admired the German fighting man, but was annoyed by English critics who over-praised Rommel, partly perhaps in the hope of cutting Monty down to size. "Rommel," he said to me, "never protested against Dachau or Belsen." I asked Monty if he had protested against the Russian equivalents of Dachau when he dined with Stalin. "That's different. Stalin was our ally." His attitude towards Rommel was, I think, less logical than his remark about the Nuremberg trials. "The only moral of the trials is that it's dangerous to lose a war." The presence of Russian judges at Nuremberg weakened the moral effect of the trials, and it is greatly to Monty's credit that he refused an invitation to attend as he had no desire to gloat over generals whom he had helped to defeat.

It was a fascinating experience to see Monty in his headquarters in France at the Château de Courances. We flew to Paris in Monty's private plane. "I'm going to take you round



to see the Curé," said Monty during tea. "There's somebody here living with his deceased wife's sister. This sort of thing won't do in a small village." So we called on the Curé, and Monty, having failed to make his point in his execrable French, turned to his A.D.C., Count Costa de Beauregard.

"Costa, tell the Curé to get that chap married. Get a dispensation from the Pope. These things can always be fixed."

When Costa de Beauregard drove me into Paris next day, he said, "I'm very fond of the Field Marshal. He is so kind and fatherly. He enjoys meeting people and being given the freedom of this small town and that. Most men in his position would be blasé, but the Field Marshal is never bored when he is fêted. The child in him has never wholly died. What I admire about him is his great integrity. He never tries to ingratiate himself with anybody. Men in great positions who are absolutely honest are not so very common. He has a very white soul."

Loves a Leader

Monty has written in terms of sincere admiration of men as diverse as Pope Pius XII, Mao Tse-tung and Dr. Verwoerd. What is the highest common factor in these men which arouses his admiration? Perhaps the answer was supplied by *The Times* reviewer who remarked that Monty "dearly loves a leader." His own spectacular rise to leadership owed nothing to family connections or influence of any kind, and he feels a kinship with any man who attains the heights by sheer native ability. Power and leadership are what he admires, and where his admiration is evoked he is curiously insensitive to the revolting aspects of some of those he admires.

Nowhere in the Communist world is the Christianity which he professes more cruelly persecuted than in Red China, and few races have been more ruthlessly persecuted than the Tibetans by Mao Tse-tung, but Mao gave Monty the red-carpet treatment and so we are assured that Mao's "program of moral uplift" can "stand comparison with any nation in the Christian world." I wrote to him just before he left for China to ask him to

do what he could for persecuted Christians in China. I never expected nor received an answer.

"As far as I know," wrote Lord Alexander, "he has few intimate friends." What is certain is that he finds it easier to attract devoted disciples than friends whom he is prepared to meet on a basis of equality. I was told at Courance that I was one of the few visitors who had no official business, but I was neither an intimate friend nor a devoted disciple, merely the husband of his cousin of whom he was very fond. My wife certainly had a way with him.

"You're very good at tactics, Bernard."

"Some people think the world's best," replied Monty.

"Well, I've got a tactical problem which bothers me."

"And what is that?"

"Those poor Belgian ladies whom you brushed off when they asked you for your autograph — what tactics should I employ to persuade you to be kind to them?"

The Belgians got their autographs.

My own conviction that Monty's military genius is as demonstrable as his political naiveté owes nothing to our personal relations. Indeed, I could make my own a remark originally made about Gladstone. "Monty is a substantive who likes to be surrounded by adjectives, and I am not exactly an adjective." When I proposed him as President of the Kandahar Ski Club, I thought he would make a useful figurehead. Monty, on the other hand, thought that it was time I retired, leaving him to run the Kandahar, his new toy. This led to a certain coolness between the Field Marshal and the Snow Marshal, as a result of which he has ceased spending a few weeks every winter at Mürren. I sometimes wish that I had taken more trouble to master the technique of a respectful adjective.

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The Groom Wore Tennis Shoes

As I was going to St. Francis
I met a man with seven stances
And every stance had seven frights
And every fright had seven dooms
And every doom had seven nays
Nays, dooms, frights, stances,
How many were going to St. Francis?

T.J.W.

CLARE BOOTHE LUCE

(Continued from p. 530)

swaggering after)! Shall we now tear down these noble arches, make bricks and stones of them, and throw them after our only winner in a quarter of a century? But soft—I like Ike you like Ike we they like Ike Ike likes everybody Ike likes Barry! Affection, no less political prudence, counsels: "frow up" on anybody else, if anybody else is left, but *don't "frow up" on Eisenhower!* (Also "frow up" your hands: go get your Goldwater buttons from the head of the Virginia delegation.)

Beat the drums slowly: "*The Nominee of the Republican Party is mounting the rostrum to make his acceptance speech.*"

He, Barry, our unanimous choice, he strides to the catafalque now to deliver the elegy. Black are our thoughts, black as the rims of his glasses. Dark is our outlook, dark as our personal prospects in November.

(But don't misunderstand: Personally, as persons, we all personally like Barry very, very much—as a person. And who will say he didn't win fairly and squarely? Who will say that this may not even start a trend in the Party—what will be left of it?)

Come, fellow Liberals (and nevertheless Republicans), what's done is done. Come, close ranks, as common cause unites us now, a greater grief will unite us in November. And . . . surely . . . a little philosophy is not amiss here: Let's face it: the GOP has been ailing for a long, long, long time.

Now, put the flag at half mast, salute the dear departed. Farewell, thou poor, spavined, decrepit, too-sorely crippled, but much beloved corpse of a doughty, hundred-year-old warrior, farewell, Our Grand Old Party!

Requiescat in pace.

De mortuis nihil nisi bonum. Yes, let us leave now what ill must be said to the Democrats. Our task is clear: It's the last wake, let us make it a glorious one. Let's shoot from the hip, be quick on the trigger, simplify our statements, follow our new leader. Besides . . . you never can tell . . . the polls have been wrong before . . . a lot of things can happen before November. . . .

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Those School Psychological Tests

Imprudent use of psychiatric method and psychiatric jargon, as Dr. Karl Menninger and others have pointed out repeatedly, can do infinite mischief to the victims of "do it yourself" psychoanalysis. In his powerful novel *The Dispossessed*, Mr. Geoffrey Wagner describes the destruction of a man to whom the label "constitutional inferior" has been affixed in a military mental hospital. And some schools have injured irretrievably the character and prospects of children subjected to silly and baneful tests apparently prepared by persons themselves suffering from "mental illness," and administered and evaluated by incompetent school personnel.



Kirk

Representative John Ashbrook of Ohio has been stalwart in the assault upon this pernicious abuse of psychological testing in the schools. As Mr. Ashbrook puts it, "A child can be branded forever in his school records as a misfit or potential neurotic without his parents knowing it. This happens in states where it is against the law to give a school child an aspirin for a headache without parental consent."

Two new books touch upon the evil. One is *The Branded Child*, by Mr. Edward J. Van Allen, a court reporter and journalist (Reportorial Press, P.O. Box 472, Madison Square Station, New York; \$4); the other, *What They Are Doing to Your Children*, by Dr. Max Rafferty, superintendent of public instruction of California (New American Library, 501 Madison Avenue, New York; \$3.95).

Mr. Van Allen writes with passion. Indignant at the outrageous invasion of pupils' and parents' privacy by

the people he calls "the school psyche-snoops," he won his case in court: the well-known East Meadow school case, in which the court ruled that "a parent is entitled to inspect the records of his child maintained by the school authorities as required by law."

Parents may well exercise their right to look into the tests administered to their children—and into the results and the frequently curious interpretation of results by counselors, teachers, and school administrators who lack adequate psychiatric training. To clap the tag of "schizophrenic" upon some bewildered boy, without grounds, can be truly wicked.

And some of the tests seem to have been drawn up by rather nasty lunatics. Take this passage from a Californian test cited by Mr. Van Allen, a "Measurement of Wants":

"For how much money would you do the following?

"Eat a live earthworm six inches long.

"Spit on a crucifix.

"Choke a stray cat to death. . . .

"Eat a quarter of a pound of human flesh. . . .

"Attend Sunday morning service at St. Patrick's Cathedral and, in the middle of the service, run down the aisle to the altar yelling, 'The time has come, the time has come,' as loudly as you can until you are dragged out."

As Mr. Van Allen makes clear, some tests may force children to incriminate themselves, cast aspersions upon their parents, and expose their sensibilities to any snoop; also these tests may awake, by suggestion, all sorts of obscenity.

The formidable and humorous and commonsensical Dr. Rafferty has written a book about a multitude of our educational afflictions, devoting one chapter ("Rounding the Pegs") to observations upon psychological testing. Hearken unto him:

"The whole picture is enormously complicated by the frustrated desire on the part of a good many guidance people to be amateur psychiatrists," he observes. "All of us in the education profession have taken a few courses in child psychology. To some of us this is an open invitation to drag out the couch and smooth down the pillow. We like that heady, god-like feeling of puffing meditatively upon our pipe while probing gently yet searchingly into the unfolding psyche of the bashful adolescent. Unfortunately our courses in Psych. #1 prepare us for this role about as well as a course in first aid would prepare us to be brain surgeon in the Mayo Clinic. Guidance and counseling are absolutely necessary in the modern school, but their function should be to suggest, to lead, to assist—not to direct, to classify, to psychoanalyze."

Dr. Rafferty recommends that we forget "group psychological testing," which is inaccurate and perilous. We should use individual tests when necessary; but these should not be employed without consent of the parents. And, most emphatically, school authorities should not endeavor to prescribe for mental disorders—which are in the realm of the qualified psychiatrist.

One also encounters tests, Mr. Rafferty mentions, which seem intended to inculcate hostility toward private property, contempt for civic morality, and various follies. Amateur psyche-physician, heal thyself. Also, as Mr. Van Allen points out, some tests are anti-religious. Take this one, which demands of children that they judge of theological concerns:

"The world would be better off if science replaced religion as the guiding principle of men's lives.

"Jesus was just an ordinary man who was idolized by his disciples and declared by them to be the Son of God.

"Religion is merely a crutch which insecure people rely on.

"Man has no soul or spirit. He is just a superior animal with nothing but a physical body."

Well, yes or no, Johnny? If you aren't scientific about this quickly enough, we omniscient school counselors may classify you as a schizophrenic.

»BOOKS·ARTS·MANNERS«

On the Altar of Equality

JEFFREY HART

At the center of every culture, Richard Weaver argues in his last book, is a distinctive image of what one ought to be, and the quality of the culture depends upon the adequacy of that image to the facts of human nature. In Weaver's terminology, this image is the "myth" of a culture, and as long as it remains effective it creates a hierarchy of values. Behavior is considered desirable to the degree that it is in harmony with the myth. Language, too, is shaped by it, for the connotations of words reflect its imperatives. Subject neither to proof nor disproof, but only to affirmation and negation, the myth constitutes the vision which, as Weaver's title implies, orders the life of society.

In these valuable essays Weaver shows how the decline of the West is traceable to the loss of its ordering vision, and analyzes the forces that have contributed to that loss; explores the meaning of our distrust of rhetoric and preference for a "scientific" vocabulary; connects the modern hatred of the past with the deterioration of moral order; and defines the revolutionary implications of Deweyite educational theory: instead of transmitting culture it aims to transform it.

A brief review cannot hope to do justice to a book as rich and suggestive as this one, but I can direct attention to something that clearly emerges as one follows Weaver through the complexities of his analysis. Conservative ideas differ in

Visions of Order, by Richard M. Weaver. Louisiana, \$4.50

certain important *formal* respects from their Liberal rivals. Take, for example, the Liberal idea of equality, as contrasted with the conservative idea of hierarchy, which Weaver undertakes to defend in a fascinating essay called "Status and Function."

The first thing to be noticed is that "equality" is an abstraction, while hierarchy has actual, historical existence. Equality has never existed in any real society, but distinctions, with connotations of quality, have always existed—nor have they corresponded in any simple way to function. An individual's status generally has as much to do with what he is as with what he does. This is because the image of the self which orders the culture necessarily implies preferences, perhaps arbitrary ones.

The idea of equality, then, can only be understood as a critical abstraction. It has never obtained, for if it did it would entail a culture without preferences—clearly an absurdity. Equality is a simple demand, forever reiterable because forever unachievable, yet on that very account possessing a certain glamor, affording a kind of moral thrill.

The simplicity and abstractness of ideas of this sort doubtless derive from their origin. The leading ideas of the Enlightenment had a polemical birth. They were devised by philosophers and journalists who were concerned to attack a social order that, whatever its faults, had actual existence, constituted a *modus vivendi*. The simplicity and abstractness of the ideas greatly assisted in their polemical and destructive purpose. The idea of hierarchy, on the other hand, connected as it is with actual experience, partakes of the descriptive rather than of the critical, and in consequence it is more complex in structure, but therefore both harder to apprehend and trickier to defend in controversy.

According to Weaver, the myth of

the society also organizes its social hierarchy. If the myth celebrates a Christian gentleman, an atheist cosmopolitan will not rank high. If the myth suggests that the spirit is more important than matter, the man who deals with intangibles will rank higher than the manual worker. Weaver observes, very suggestively, that "there is ground for saying, by way of a general observation, that an individual's position in society is higher in proportion to his belief in imponderables." Here, as frequently happens in Weaver's book, speculative possibilities suddenly open before one: 1) Did Marx, seeking to invert the social hierarchy and place the worker at the top (at least eventually), *therefore* invert the philosophical hierarchy, awarding primacy to matter? 2) Does Weaver's hypothesis explain one's sense that the debate in philosophy between naturalism and idealism has had marked social overtones, the naturalists feeling that there is something *aristocratic* about the idealist position? 3) May one conclude that the extraordinary stress on sex in current "radical" writing (e.g., Baldwin), viewed as an attack on traditional hierarchies of value, is *therefore* a demand for new criteria of social status?

IN CONTRAST to the egalitarian, who seeks to eliminate (or perhaps only to disguise) social distinctions, Weaver feels that they are valuable. A man's position in society, like his connection with a particular locality, provides satisfaction that may be more important than the question of whether he is higher or lower in the scale. "We must," Weaver says, "again become sensitive enough to realize that 'place' means privacy and dignity, and that it is against the interests of our highest feelings to destroy the idea of station. . . . There is something protective about place; it means isolation, privacy, and finally identity." Certainly the "identity crisis," widespread at the present time, proceeds from the fact that under modern conditions of social and geo-

graphic mobility a great many people cannot determine who they are, where they "belong." As Weaver says, the "man who 'knows where he stands' is always more confident in approaching others and in declaring his opinions than the man who neither knows who he is or where he is from."

Yet valuable though Weaver is as a thinker, he unfortunately has some defects as a writer. He knows that language is a conservator of tradition and a conductor of values, and that

one of the worst things the mobility, scientism, hucksterism, and bureaucracy of modern life do to us is sever us from our language, but his own prose is lifeless and academic. He surely didn't speak this way growing up in North Carolina. Somewhere there seems to have intervened the baleful stylistic influence of political science and sociology. In addition, for all his insight, he is not combative enough. He shows where the foundations have been gnawed, but for the most part his enemies remain politely nameless.

Hate CIA Enterprise

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

COMES NOW A BOOK called *The Invisible Government*, and it turns out to be not a book by an extreme right winger (as we have been taught to call them) complaining that this or that organization actually runs the

The Invisible Government, by David Wise and Thomas B. Ross. Random House, \$5.95

affairs of the government; but a book by a couple of Liberals (as we have been taught to call them) who complain that the Invisible Government in America is our intelligence complex, the ganglion of which is the Central Intelligence Agency. The title of the book, I fear, is a giveaway to the essential cynicism of the authors, a judgment I make with considerable regret since one of them was an old pal of mine in college days. But the thesis that the CIA is an invisible government, i.e., an organization which dominates the foreign policy of the United States Government, is so palpably absurd that we must conclude that the purpose of the book, notwithstanding its sanctimonious pretensions, is simply to make a little scandal and make a little money.

The true scandal lies not in what the authors reveal about the power of the CIA, but in what they reveal about the CIA itself. And the politically interesting aspect of the book is that the CIA comes in for a full-fledged attack from writers whose interests transparently lie not in pressing the defensive war against

the Soviet Union, but in discrediting an agency of the government which is increasingly identified among knowing people as the principal gathering place of knowledgeable anti-Communists.

I never thought those words would escape from my typewriter, because I have not in the past thought of the CIA as an impressive anti-Communist organization—although I have never believed that the fault lay with it, but rather with the foreign policy of the government that dominates it.

Whether it is fair to say that the CIA has obviously improved during the past few years, or whether it is more accurate to say that the CIA stands out only in refreshing contrast to the foreign policy of the United States, which during that period has become so relaxed as to be ga-ga about the Communist problem, I do not venture to say. The point is that precisely our determination to avoid a hot war against our enemies requires that we make diligent efforts to defend ourselves in the Cold War—that we conduct effective psychological warfare; maintain keen intelligence operations; and help our friends to fight back against the Communists by means that, many of them, require great secrecy.

Secrecy. The authors of this book do an incredible thing, and I pray

that, there being apparently no law which will bring home to them the disservice they have done to their country, some day their consciences will speak to them about the meaning of what they have done. In their effort to achieve a lurid sensationalism they have actually named twenty-six persons who are CIA agents in deep cover: men whose names mean absolutely nothing at all to you, or to me, and who might just as well, for the purposes of the book, have been spoken about pseudonymously.

The same is true of various enterprises that are clandestinely backed by the CIA—they are, in the lingo of the trade, "blown." It will no doubt occur to the wags to say that if a couple of enterprising American journalists can find out the identity of CIA personnel and enterprises, so can the Russians, and all that is proven is that CIA security procedures are not as tight as they should be. Such an observation is naive: Americans are an open people who, in Winston Churchill's phrase, thrive on indiscretion. But it is one thing to reveal the true identity of someone to an American reporter. It is another to reveal it to the world at large. In the world at large there are Communists.

THE OSTENSIBLE thesis of the book is that Congress and the State Department should more closely control the activities of the CIA. I believe the authors' is a phony concern. The luridity of the presentation relieves them of any suspicion of sincerity. Their own bias seems to be plainly on the side of incapacitating the CIA. That agency's finest hour was the liberation of Guatemala from the Arbenz pro-Communist dictatorship—a venture the authors deplore. As they did, in effect, the U-2 operations in an earlier

volume called *The U-2 Affair*. Professor Owen Lattimore, whom a Senate committee described as a "conscious, articulate agent of the Soviet conspiracy," is referred to simply as "Far Eastern expert." The authors are especially riled at the effort by the CIA to liberate Cuba



from Castro, and Indonesia from Sukarno.

Granted, there are grave problems involved in the operation of a secret organization whose activities are outside the purview of the American people. But *The Invisible Government* is not a serious book about a serious problem of democracy, but a

sensationalist book by authors who verge close to unpatriotism, and whose target suggests, in the shifting context of our time, that that other invisible government which controls the minds and the impulses of so many American Liberals, has marked the CIA as a major target of attack.

The Czech Crucible

OTTO VON HABSBURG

THE PROBLEMS of Central and Eastern Europe have frequently occupied political writers during the last decades. It is regrettable that most of their books have been devoted to propaganda instead of being scholarly, objective studies. The case of Professor A. J. P. Taylor is typical; his so-called historical writings are mostly biased partisan pamphlets. Political upheavals, frequent in this area, tend to open the gates to all manner of historical, economic and social propaganda, promoting varied and frequently contradictory aims.

It is hence fortunate that a major book has been published which is surpassing in its strict objectivity and its scientific thoroughness. The author, Wenzel Jaksch, is widely known. Everyone interested in Central European or Danubian affairs has heard of this man who led the Sudeten German Social Democratic Party in its crucial hours. Defending seemingly lost positions, this son of a manual worker, who replaced formal education by self-acquired knowledge,

Europe's Road to Potsdam, by Wenzel Jaksch; tr. and ed. by Kurt Glaser. Praeger, \$9.50

always stood nobly by his principles. He consistently endeavored to remain objective, even in the middle of the worst political battles, to understand his foe and not to hate him.

After having fought against the policy of appeasement till the Munich agreement, Jaksch successfully worked from Prague to save his endangered friends from the German Gestapo. On March 15, 1939, when Hitler's troops marched into the Czech capital, he sought asylum at the British Embassy and was finally taken out of the country in an English government convoy. In his Lon-

don emigration he fought courageously, not only against the Third Reich's imperialism, but also against the plan of President Benes to deport all Germans from Czechoslovakia and to make his state into a pawn of Moscow. At the close of the war he



joined his compatriots, living in indescribable poverty in Western Germany. A member of the government of the State of Hesse, he was able to alleviate the worst misery, and also to initiate a plan for social integration of the expellees, which significantly contributed to the German economic miracle. Today, he is active as a member of the German Bundestag, helping the reformist forces in the Social Democratic Party.

MUCH that Jaksch reports in his book is thus the fruit of personal, first-hand experience. He nevertheless is able to be detached, to maintain that inner distance towards problems, which distinguishes the statesman from the politician. The reader will follow with keen interest his description of the policies of President Masaryk and the work of Dr. Benes. Benes' activities during World War I have been only sketchily known, and he offers many new facts which complete the picture. He reveals, for example, that Benes as far back as 1919 was not opposed to Austria becoming a part of Germany.

Truly dramatic and completely new is the hour-by-hour description of the role which the Czech President played in the weeks which led to the Munich agreement. It is evident that, apart from Hitler, Benes was the man most responsible for the events in the autumn of 1938. Jaksch proves conclusively that Munich was by no means inevitable. It was the consequence of the failure of the Czechoslovak head of state and his collaborators. Central Europe's drama nears its climax with the documented report on Benes' policies during the Second World War, when the Czech President clung to his past errors, promoted the cause of the USSR, and thus brought about not only the tragedy of the Sudeten Germans but also the enslavement of his own Czech nation.

FOR THOSE who were politically active in London or Washington during the Second World War, the description of Dr. Benes' fight for the expulsion of the Sudeten Germans is part of a sad personal experience. Most significant is Jaksch's account of the conversations between President Benes and President Roosevelt on May 13 and June 7, 1943. In July of that year, I had the opportunity to raise the same question, in a vain attempt to draw the American President's attention to the inhumanity of the deportation project. I can but confirm what Jaksch says. The mass expulsion of Germans was not planned by the great powers, not even primarily by the Soviet Union. The whole idea was conceived by Benes and his friends and was implemented by cleverly playing one ally against the other and by political deceit almost without parallel in history.

At this point it should be remarked that Mr. Jaksch too easily accepts Dr. Benes' version in his judgment of the personality and actions of Sumner Welles. In the years between 1940 and 1943, I often had the opportunity of exchanging ideas with the then American Under Secretary of State. He was one of the few men in Washington who showed an understanding of the problems of the Danube Valley. He was too farsighted to promote the monstrous plans of the Czech government-in-exile.

Jaksch speaks to us as a European Social Democrat who remains faithful to his principles. Nevertheless, on

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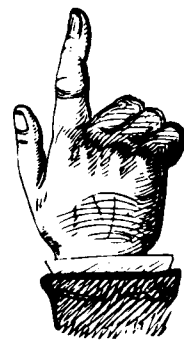
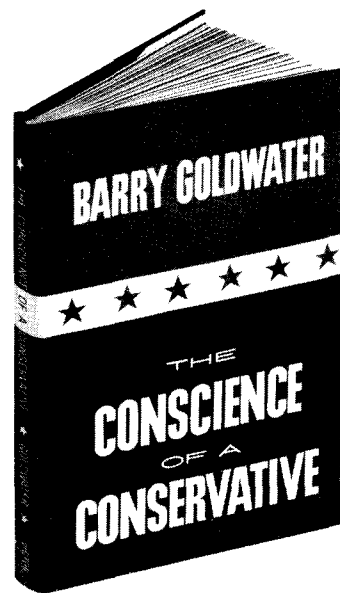
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problems, past and future, of Central and Eastern Europe without having acquainted himself with Wenzel Jaksch's book. It is a basic reference work, which should be known to all who today guide the destinies of the Free World.

Trimming the Democratic Turkey With Republican Parsley

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

SENATOR JACOB K. JAVITS (R., N.Y.) is the only member of the United States Senate who has ever been called upon to account for support from a Communist Party official in launching his political career. (Youngsters, as well as the forgetful and the merely forgiving, are referred to Part 43 of the hearings

Order of Battle: A Republican's Call to Reason, by Jacob K. Javits. Atheneum, \$5.95

of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee on *Scope of Soviet Activity in the United States*, dated September 5, 1956.) He is, moreover, the only Republican Senator who has ever earned the accolade of a perfect 100 for his voting record from Americans for Democratic Action. Not surprisingly, the conservative Americans for Constitutional Action rate the same record at a towering 13 (out of a possible 100). Recently he has acquired a further, somewhat *outré* prominence by announcing, alone among professional Republican politicians, that he will not even undertake to support Senator Goldwater, if the Republican National Convention in San Francisco should be so misguided as to nominate him for President of the United States. Armed with these prepossessing credentials, Senator Javits now steps forward to lecture the Republican Party on its principles.

But, it may be protested, he has another and in some respects senior claim on our attention: he wins. He alone, of the ticket fielded by the GOP in New York in 1954, was elected (Attorney General) in the Democratic sweep; and in 1962, running for re-election to the U.S. Senate, he rolled up an awesome margin

of nearly a million votes over his Democrat-Liberal opponent. Can we afford to argue with such success?

We can, and I fear we must. In the early chapters of his book, Senator Javits treats us to a lot of historical hoo-hah to explain "Why I Am a Republican"; but, while he trims the turkey with a great deal of parsley about Tammany Hall and the Ku Klux Klan, it takes no very sophisticated reader to deduce that, man and boy, he was simply a partisan of that pseudo-Republican school of thought wherewith Fiorello La Guardia, heading a coalition of Italians and Jews, smote the Irish-Democratic Philistines who had theretofore dominated New York. And his record as a candidate for elective office from 1946 to the present bears out the conclusion: here is one of the most accomplished practitioners of the religious bullet-vote that has ever graced the polyglot New York scene. Such a man may be hard to beat, but he is not necessarily worth listening to.



It would be easy to dismiss his book as merely a sort of anti-platform for the Republican Party: a painstaking compendium of what the GOP *doesn't* stand for. As Richard Rovere accurately noted, in reviewing it for the *New York Herald Tribune*, "for the most part his [book] is a summons to his party comrades to go along with Lyndon Johnson, Hubert Humphrey and William Fulbright on all foreign and domestic questions of substance. Except for the obligatory partisan rhetoric, it could have been written by Hubert Humphrey."

Mr. Rovere could (but wouldn't) have added that it is written in a kind of sly, all-things-to-all-men prose that makes of cogency just another outmoded eighteenth-century virtue. Consider this characteristic masterpiece of otherhandedness from pp. 141-2: "*I most certainly do not want to see Federal expenditures zoom skyward without rhyme or reason. Like the next man, I want to see them reduced. But I believe that there are certain jobs which must be undertaken by government in the interests of the nation. True economy in fiscal policy does not lie in doing nothing. It lies in collecting what is absolutely necessary for the support and the efficient administration of public programs indispensable to our survival and well-being as individuals, and to our survival and orderly growth as an organized society.*"

As they say in New York City, that—plus a token—will get you a ride on the subway.

Yet it would be idle to pretend that Senator Javits and his viewpoint can be written off as wholly outside the internal Republican dialogue. His is not a popular viewpoint within the GOP, but it has its devotees. Substantially, he proposes to adopt the entire Liberal credo, and then to best the Democrats by a more slavish adherence to its imperatives. Whatever we may think of such a proposal, it has the merit of a robust, if rather cynical, practicality. In the years-long struggle that now clearly lies ahead for possession of the soul of the GOP, it will probably outlast the empty bombast of the Eisenhower-Nixon centrists. But if the Republican Party is to survive at all, the Javits philosophy will surely succumb to the advocates of a Republicanism that truly opposes the Liberal domination of America.

Oh, It's a Sad Case, America Is

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

FUTURE HISTORIANS, says Gallup, "may wonder how we could be so stupid, so crude, so hidebound, and so satisfied in choosing the wrong paths." Charles Markham's book informs us that "by 1968 the United States will have unemployment equivalent to the total population of New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles. . . . We exploit people. . . . [we lack] housing, schools, hospitals, parks, playgrounds, recreational facilities, clinics, youth centers, roads, airports." Mr. and Mrs. Day have the pleasure to announce: "Many an American community already faces difficulties providing such services as schooling, public transportation, roads, courts, housing, prisons, libraries, and nursing homes as a consequence of its rapidly expanding population." Douglass Cater deplores "the stubborn power of the committee chairman in Congress, the artful power of the lobbyist, the specialized power of the business leader or the labor chieftain, the durable power of the bureaucrat."

Stillman and Pfaff comfort us: "To be a man of the modern West is . . . to be implicated in incomparable crimes." Brink and Harris illustrate "the substandard housing plight of the Negro" by mentioning that "among low-income Negroes outside

The Inevitable Americans, by John Greenway. Knopf, \$5.95

The Negro Church in America, by E. Franklin Frazier. Schocken, \$3.50

The Negro Revolution in America, by William Brink and Louis Harris. Simon and Schuster, \$4.50

The Politics of Hysteria, by Edmund Stillman and William Pfaff. Harper, \$4.95

Power in Washington, by Douglass Cater. Random House, \$4.95

Too Many Americans, by Lincoln Day and Alice Day. Houghton, \$4.95

Jobs, Men and Machines, edited by Charles Markham. Praeger, \$4.95

The Miracle Ahead, by George Gallup. Harper, \$3.95

the South, for example, only 31 per cent have a bathtub. . . . Similarly, only two out of five low-income Negroes of the North have hot water in their dwellings [the comparable figure for the city of Paris is 14 per cent] and eight in ten have an inside toilet [the comparable figure for England is about 40 per cent]." Frazier says that to the extent Negroes "are becoming really assimilated into American society, they are beset by the religious dilemmas and doubts of the white middle-class Americans." Greenway makes short work of the religious foundations of American life: "Depending on the time and the place and the circumstances, there is morality as much in the common laws of Christianity or Judaism as in those of Nazism or Communism. From race prejudice to our paradoxical conduct in opposing Hitler while supporting Stalin, it is all one; and it is all morality."

And all of it is the rhetoric of hysteria, which is the distinguishing trait of that literary genre we might call "America the Horrible." To write in this genre one must fix upon a fraction of the evidence, ignore the countervailing factors, react with nuclear frenzy, and urge total reconstruction. Gallup traces all our troubles to poor education; with better schooling, rational man will solve all problems. Markham edits a book on unemployment that makes no mention of general wage levels. The Days overlook the possibility (advanced by the National Bureau of Economic Research) of a causal relation between prosperity and procreation. Cater practically ignores the power of Agriculture (no mention of Billie Sol Estes), bobbybakerism, the National Education Association, organized labor, and racial groups. Stillman and Pfaff, with handsome impartiality, blame Moscow and Washington equally for the Cold War. Frazier never mentions the Black Muslims. Greenway thinks the identified Communist folksinger Woody Guthrie is just great.

I AM, OF COURSE, making a point, and if I left it at that I'd leave a deal of wreckage in my own wake, by way of issuing a categorical denunciation of those who issue categorical denuncia-

WHAT ELSE CAN WE SAY!

たまには變つた

フランス料理は?

- ◆ ムーゼリンド スウモン
- ◆ ル キャネトン オウ ペッシ
- ◆ ラ タート、オウ フレイゼー
- ◆ キヤフエ

というのはいかが?

ぜいたく過ぎるつて?

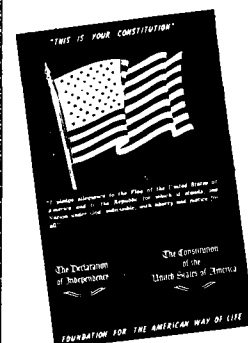
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tions. Having catalogued the vices in this sampling of the genre, let's savor the (far fewer) virtues. The Frazier book will stand up as a scholarly account of the Negroes' effort to organize their religious life mainly by themselves (though 400,000 have embraced the Catholic faith). Stillman and Pfaff, despite their wacky erudition, conclude that America might just as well go it alone in the world. Cater is informative and lively, though he omits large chunks of his topic and leaves his propaganda showing. Mr. and Mrs. Day have modulated their discussion of population as coolly as they have planned their own family.

The genre "America the Horrible" exists because some writers can't tell the difference between a gadfly and the wrath of God. Yes we are flawed, yes we should improve, yes we need an honest look, but let's be sure it's an honest look, and not titillate ourselves into a revolution. And since I like a little sweet for dessert, let me close with a memory of mine.

Theater

The Indestructible Bea Lillie

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

ONCE went to A Marvelous Party (with Lulu and Nana and Nell). It lasted for better than three years, from the day my Smith roommate and I "liberated" that particular Bea Lillie-Noel Coward record from an unwary friend to its sorrowful bequest, a thousand or more playings later, to two (almost worthy) sophomores. Well, just the other night I went to another Marvelous Party, Beatrice Lillie and Noel Coward again co-hosts, and you can put me down right now as a reactivated Beatrice-maniac.

Lordy, but that woman is funny. The long thin face. The supercilious nose. The outlandish hairdos. The costumes (*Maison Delirium Tremens*). The flat-heeled, spine-crunching walk. The yards of jingling, jangling beads. The more-in-sorrow-than-in-anything-else look. The precise, clipped speech. Above all, the timing, the sense of the ridiculous

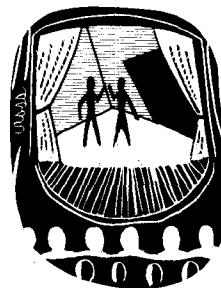
Eleven years ago this month I crewed a war-weary C-47 (which, like its crew, needed major overhaul) from Guam to the States, working my way home, as it were, after eight months in a tent near Seoul. We hit San Francisco at three in the morning. I didn't get a look at my country until the next day, when we jockeyed the old bird down the great central valley to Sam Bedoo (San Bernardino). It was a brilliant clear morning, and I looked down on mile after mile of rich farmland, neat fences, painted houses, paved roads, and the indescribably marvelous works of a society living in liberty, order, and tranquility. I was shocked to learn how much I had forgotten. I had to wait a moment, and let the tight feeling get out of my throat, before I could pick up the mike and make a position report over Fresno. So beautiful this country was! I do believe I fell rather hopelessly in love with it that morning.

And now I'm going to settle down with a good book.

that thrusts a golden handful — Charlie Chaplin, Cantinflas, Fernandel, Danny Kaye, yes and Beatrice Lillie, too—into the exclusive winner's circle in the Comedian Sweepstake.

The play is *High Spirits*, the new musical based on Noel Coward's light-hearted *Blithe Spirit*, directed by Coward and with music and lyrics by Hugh Martin and Timothy Gray. Beatrice Lillie is Madame Arcati, the fluff-headed medium ("Exorcism by Appointment," runs her sandwich-board advertisement), who inadvertently brings back from her "Home, Sweet Heaven" Elvira, first wife of Charles Condomine, a ghost with homicidal intentions and a mad sense of humor (she laughed herself to death, we are told, at a BBC rendition of *Parsifal*).

It's Bea Lillie's show all the way, and that in itself is a tribute, given the casting of the irre-



pressible Tammy Grimes, no mean comedienne herself, as the ghostly Elvira. Tammy Grimes is given a) one show-stopping piece whose lyrics sound as if they might have been spun by the younger Noel Coward. It's her description of her "Home, Sweet Heaven" in which Lucrezia Borgia is "rather fun, really." "Freud and Cain and Abel" all sit "around King Arthur's table," while Dr. Crippen and Lizzie Borden (who are chummy) both "share a villa with old Attila," and so on . . . And b) a couple of good comic situations such as the call she puts in to "extremely long distance: CAMELOT 7-7777, Code 777—Hello Merlin, this is Elvira . . ." It is to place a hurry-up order for a spot of hemlock that will eventually send Charles, and Madame Arcati, too, to join the group "around King Arthur's table" (Charles' second wife having been disposed of, accidentally, sometime earlier). But the moments when Bea Lillie is not dominating the show are few: from her entrance into Condomine's living room when she shakes Charles' hand firmly with a forthright "I'm delightful to meet you," to her spasmodic silent filmlike death struggles, the hemlock-laced brandy having gotten to her.

Behold Madame Arcati in her bedroom, in bouffant bedcap, old-fashioned nightshirt, daisy pinned to

breast, and bunny slippers. She croons to her ouija board a sentimental song entitled "Talking to You" that is full of gentle self-appraisal (Cassius Clay may think he's the greatest, but Madame Arcati is there to prove him wrong). Then an agitated conversation with Ouija. She has just read that Mrs. Condomine, 2, has been killed. Was it murder? Agitated jerk. It was. (Horror.) Elvira? Another jerk. It was. (Dismay.) I must call Mr. Condomine. Starts to dial. (Irritation.) Picks up ouija board (Hopeful.) His number, duck? Bang (Gramercy), bang (7), bang (4), bang (6), bang (4), bang (5) . . . Tosses it aside. "Thanks love." Rushes behind a screen to get dressed. Tosses out bedcap, slippers, nightshirt and dances out—in slippers, nightshirt and bedcap.

High Spirits is full of high jinks and theatrical business of this sort that are good provided you don't look at them too hard. It's not great theater by any means. When you dissect it, the songs are only so-so, the choreography professional but not inspired. It's like *pommes soufflées*, all crisp and succulent outside and with very little substance. If you like Beatrice Lillie and Tammy Grimes by all means go, but don't if you don't.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

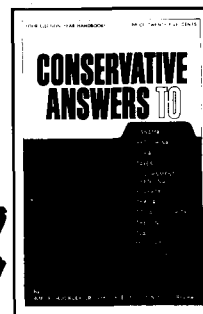
THE COMING OF THE WHIRLWIND, by Constantine Brown (Regnery, \$4.95). Foreign correspondent Constantine Brown was usually there when it happened: he interviewed the obscure Vladimir Ilyich Lenin while rifles still spat around Moscow's National Hotel. He sized up Mustafa Kemal when Ankara was a grubby village in the Turkish hinterland. He played a role in the consummation of the Kellogg-Briand pact. In Washington he was a shrewd observer of the gear-stripping efforts of American democracy to prosecute World War II, and the dismal machinations which sucked China and Eastern Europe into the Red orbit. Brown's picaresque and amusing adventures are set against a lucid analysis of this century's crises, and an evaluation of the men who uprooted Western civili-

zation. His recollections of Cordell Hull, Admiral Leahy and Dean Acheson illumine New and Fair Deal diplomacy, especially *vis-à-vis* Communism, and his engaging glimpses of significant men are tonic for those who weary of depersonalized histories. Numerous typographical errors slightly mar an otherwise excellent book.

R. S. WHEELER

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS, edited with Introduction and Commentary by A. L. Rowse (Harper, \$5.00). Professor Rowse reprints, with slight variants, the weakest chapter of his Shakespeare biography; then, in conjunction with the individual sonnets, he prints once more the pertinent parts of that chapter-introduction. For instance: on p. xxiii of the Introduction, we are

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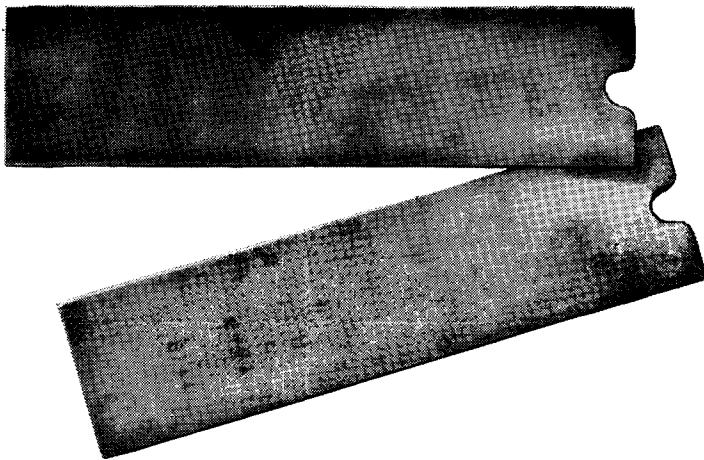
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told that “Anyone can see that the references in this sonnet are politico-religious: thrall’d discontent, policy, heretic, politic, crime.” And on p. 256: “all can see that the poem is politico-religious in its references: thrall’d discontent, policy, heretic, politic, crime.” On p. 182 of the biography we have “All Elizabethan scholars of any judgment recognize that ‘the mortal moon’ refers to the Queen.” And on p. 221 of this “edition,” what but: “all Elizabethan scholars of any judgment recognize that ‘the mortal moon’ refers to Queen Elizabeth.” This is an economical way to produce books (we are threatened with a Marlowe volume, reproducing, no doubt, the large Marlowe sections of the biography), but most people needed, not three exposures, but only one, to tire of this particular part of Rowse’s campaign on Shakespeare. G. WILLS

DAWN LIKE THUNDER: *The Barbary Wars and the Birth of the U.S. Navy*, by Glenn Tucker (Bobbs-Merrill, \$6.95). This is, in many ways, an intensely interesting book, based on considerable research, and rescuing from undeserved obscurity (pierced only by the second line of the Marine Corps Hymn) a number of at least transiently important and highly colorful figures. Nevertheless, it is not a study of the birth of the United States Navy; nor is it, incidentally, a history of the influence of the Barbary Wars on the development of the Navy. It is not even a history of the Navy in the Barbary Wars, although it includes that. It also includes a narrative history of General Eaton’s march across the desert and of his capture of Derna, with its sorry aftermath. In fact, what it is, is a competent, for the most part clearly written, and exciting narrative of our Barbary Wars, marred, it may be, by a somewhat loose style, but largely redeemed by the author’s unabashed pleasure in the heroism of Preble and his officers. The portrait of Eaton does not quite seem to hang together, and I have a curious impression that Mr. Tucker is not entirely at home with the Navy, but these may be quibbles. Beyond this, however, the book brings to our attention a much neglected and highly interesting chapter of our history, and that is no small thing.

J. C. LOBDELL

TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 516)

someone has, who doesn't feel inclined to believe that Cronkite tried to influence Eisenhower anyway, is: How is it that a telephone conversation came to be reported? Could you help fill me in without violating confidences?

Endicott, N. Y.

YATES M. HILL

It was on TV.

—ED.

"The Jewish People"

It is unfortunate that in approving the clear statement by the United States Government that legally the concept of "the Jewish people" cannot bear weight, you also chose to approve of the American Council for Judaism [June 2]. This organization is held in almost complete disrepute by practically every other American Jewish organization.

Madison, Wis.

KENNETH ALAN COLLINS

For reasons neither good nor clear.

—ED.

An "i" for an Eye

In the May 19 issue E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn's "The Problem of the Christian Social Sentimentalist" offered a new exegesis of Mt. 19:24, Mk. 10:25 and Lk. 18:25. Evidently he was carried away by wishful thinking. The mss. of these passages agree and without any doubt use *kamelos*. The proposed *kamilos* (rope) is only a figment of imagination as is the substitution of "gate" for the needle's eye. Jesus regarded the obstacles between men and the Kingdom as almost insurmountable, but he also knew that with God's help they may be surmounted. In the NT the references to camel are ordinary Oriental proverbs. Would the writer offer the same exegesis for Mt. 23:24, to swallow a *kamilos*, and rewrite every word to suit superficial sanctimony?

Colonia, N. J.

REV. L. HUNYADY

A Reply

I'm afraid that The Reverend L. Hunyady takes a side remark as part of a sustained argument—which it isn't. Still the case for *kamilos* is a fairly strong one . . . and all the more so as the words for camel and rope in the Semitic languages also happen to be very much alike. The scholarly material on the question (including the "gate" interpretation for the needle's eye) is so volumi-

ous that it can hardly be enumerated in this reply. A rather penetrating study (not repeating my viewpoint) comes from Dr. Georg Aicher, "Kamel und Nadelöhr," in *Neutestamentliche Abhandlungen*, Vol. I, No. 5, Münster 1908.

Kamilos (instead of *kamelos*), interpreted as rope, appears for the first time in an Origen scholion offered to us by Wettstein.

Tyrol, Austria E. V. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Lodge at Harvard

I realize that all is fair in love and war and politics, but just the same I do feel that we who are victims at times of a mean kind of yapping from the gutters should not yap back. What moves me to write this is the statement [May 26] that Cabot Lodge had a valet at Harvard.

Now, I grew up on the same block with Cabot in Washington, D. C., and was his classmate and entrymate at Harvard. I can assure you that Cabot, whose father died tragically when he was a small boy, was brought up by the Senator without frills or furbelows. Moreover, his grandfather sent him to Middlesex, which was regarded as a rather tough school in those days, in preference to Groton, and Cabot's first step on entering Harvard was to enlist in the artillery battery and specialize in military science. His reaction to the "Cabot" and "Lodge" business, which he could not altogether escape in Boston and Cambridge, was to be a "hard guy," and to one who knew him then the

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (June 16)

Bishop Sheen
LIFT UP YOUR HEART

We boast of the "biggest," the "highest," the "greatest." . . . The greatness of our civilization is sometimes reckoned in terms of New York's Babels towering against the sky; we forget that Egypt built her greatest pyramids on the eve of her decline.

suggestion that he had a valet, even if he could have afforded one—which is doubtful—is laughable. He showed no sign of having any but a very small allowance while he was at Harvard, and on vacations in Washington with his grandfather the Senator, he was in the same straits as all of us who pooled our resources to hire horses to go riding with our girls in turn. We did not have "cars" in the early twenties in Washington, and our pastimes were simple and unpretentious, Cabot's like the others'. There was nothing of the *filis de papa* about him.

Fort Ticonderoga, N. Y.

ROBERT PELL

A Tar Heel Bred

Snide observations of a sweeping nature seem to have become NATIONAL REVIEW's specialty, regrettably. Your blurb on Fulbright and Chapel Hill in the April 21 issue is an example in

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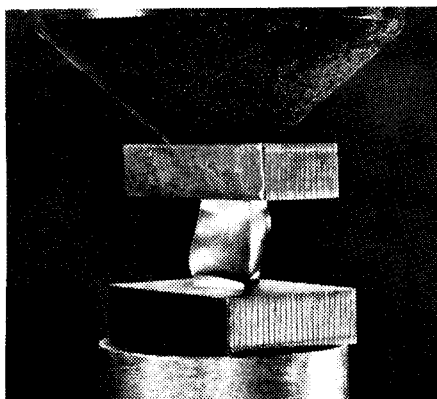
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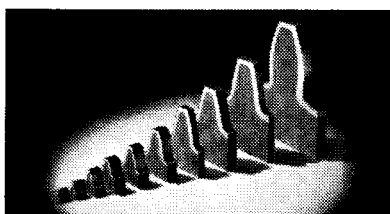


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point. I was educated at Chapel Hill, and found it an exhilarating experience. The prevailing political climate is Liberal, to be sure, but I contend that an ideological tension at a University is far superior to the blind acceptance of predigested opinions of any sort for developing and hardening one's own philosophy. Comments such as the one referred to will tend only to alienate those who, unlike myself, are not charitable enough to realize that you are capable of more rational argument.

Fall River, Mass.

EARL M. BAKER

*You shoulda seen what we said about
our alma mater.* —ED.

Eenie Meenie?

Long a subscriber and admirer of NATIONAL REVIEW, I was—with all the Anglo-Saxon understatement I can muster—disheartened by the heading appearing over an article in "From Washington Straight" [June 2]. That is: "Eenie Meenie" (sic).

Since the account did not concern the machinations of Walter Reuther to wrest the power from his adversary, I conclude that reference was being made to the residue of our lamentable ethnological inheritance relative to the upper and hidden hand the Caucasian assumes in matters racial.

This unfortunate choice of cliché, however, in the context of the civil rights "conundrum" was both snobbish and snotty. I wish I had the bravado to say Please Cancel My Subscription. But "telling you like it is," I need you more than you need me. And one simple swipe of my pen cannot undo the harm caused by yours—perhaps the sole popular source of responsible conservatism.

Allen Park, Mich.

JOHN P. REID

Cato assures us that he did not make reference to the lamentable ethnological inheritance residue, underscores the recklessness of the assumption that he is Caucasian, and suggests that reader Reid come off it. —ED.

Liberal and/or Conservative

On account of "conservative NATIONAL REVIEW" having printed a piece by Charles Fenyvesi and myself [May 19], various acquaintances have written to me asking: "Weren't you a Liberal?"

Without an arbitrary definition, I

ATTENTION

all NR readers who plan to attend
the Republican Convention in
San Francisco!

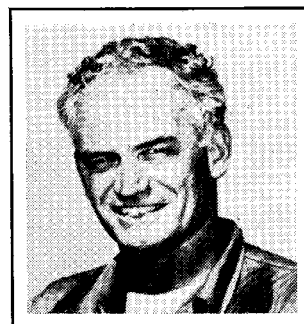
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"It is impossible to establish Communism as the immediate successor to capitalism. It is accordingly proposed to establish socialism as something we can put in the place of our present decaying capitalism. Hence, Communists work for the establishment of socialism as a necessary transition stage on the road of Communism."

John Strachey

"The Theory and Practice of Socialism," 1936

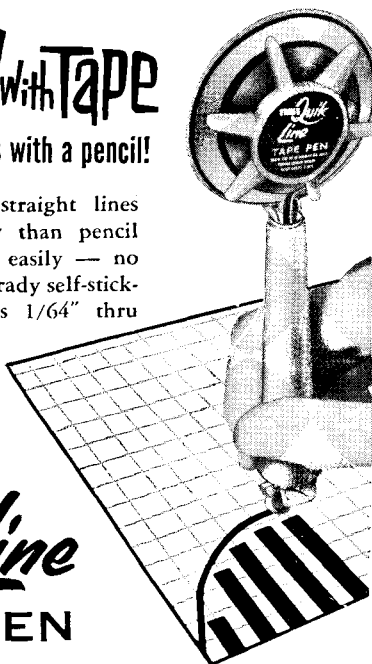


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don't know what it is to be either a liberal or a conservative. If liberal means "non-restricted," I think I am sometimes a liberal, sometimes a conservative, and sometimes a "moderate." However, I prefer the broader philosophical distinction whereby "liberalism" means empiricism, reasonable skepticism, free inquiry, acceptance of truth. Thus liberalism is opposed to dogmatism, not to conservatism. In this case, to be a liberal is to have a certain attitude, not to subscribe to a certain tenet. And this attitude seems to be the basis both for scientific investigation and democratic living. In this sense I think I am a liberal, as are many of those who, from a doctrinal viewpoint, classify themselves as either liberals or conservatives.

New York, N. Y.

JORGE TALLET

Vive la Différence

May I offer a mild protest? I can understand, in this heyday of Liberalism, why a typesetter might change my words to make me say [May 19] that the Constitution had proved itself "pliable." Better educated men than typesetters share that idea. But I wrote "viable"—and Oh, the difference to me!

Spartanburg, S. C.

VINCENT MILLER

MacArthur and the Japanese

With reference to the item in "The Week" [June 2] concerning the letters about General MacArthur purported to have been written by a Japanese student at the Harvard Law School, I would like to offer a genuine letter on the same subject.

My husband was PRO for General MacArthur during the Occupation. I have known Mrs. Haru Takeuchi for fifteen years or more. She writes as follows:

"I offer my deepest regret to your entire nation for the passing of General MacArthur and also to the family of the Echols who had close relation to him. General MacArthur had deep sympathy with the defeated Japan and helped her to stand up again to build a new Japan. We are most grateful to his wisdom and decision to keep the Imperial system and to maintain the territorial integrity of Japan without dividing into occupation zones. . . ."

The Harvard letter as quoted in your magazine sounds to me completely spurious.

Charlottesville, Va.

NANCY ECHOLS

TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. He knew what to do about Cuba.	26 212 40 7 24 17 180 211
B. It lets off steam (periodically) (full name).	37 98 14 42 163 65 167 213 209 155 75
C. President, last seven years of the Great Depression.	43 27 193 3 150 120 197 18 36
D. "They say this town is full of cozenage."—Comedy of Errors, I:2	49 173 112 205 82 15 216
E. British painter (1787-1849) who called Woman "God's most glorious work."	109 127 130 47
F. This young man left the West.	184 44 91 138 78 218 12 29 67
G. Elevated in character.	198 166 72 4 172
H. Pertaining to an apparition.	219 204 200 84 71 30 195
I. The diffusion which proceeds through a semipermeable membrane.	25 154 45 87 196 68 207
J. What physicians do on house calls.	114 88 157 142 83
K. I strain.	121 33 129 179 158 133 94
L. Nineteenth Century battle cry (several words).	162 146 116 174 177 53 186 31 192 168 41 194 5 139 147 115
M. Pertaining to frightful dreams.	164 190 51 34 137 124 153 181 217 6 77
N. Long a cornerstone of American foreign policy.	210 151 9 201 95 169 86 215 63 191 206 182 48 136

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Image or representation.	23 152 176 8 69 117
P. "— cannot become an object of consciousness"—Herbert Spencer.	140 214 203 145 11 143 101
Q. The piper's son (the pig squealed on him).	144 119 135 171 202 149
R. An adjective or other adjunct word (As National in National Review).	148 104 108 122 13 156 73 110 50 22 132
S. Czech scholar (1860-1932).	187 54 106 111 103 126 76
T. An infantryman.	10 105 81 118 70 185 107 165
U. Great king (Sanskrit; one of two spellings).	46 183 64 16 55 39 1 113 131
V. County seat, Winnebago County, Wis.	85 66 57 92 161 79 102
W. What young Zachary Taylor was (several words).	96 175 2 141 61 58 123 128 170 188 178 159 19
X. Town at southern end of Lake Zug, in Switzerland.	134 28 35 52
Y. The non-professionals.	74 21 62 59 160
Z. Batting champion who had the fans believing he was Napoleon.	89 97 80 208 100 125
AA. An essential perfume.	93 38 56 90 99
BB. What Babe Ruth often did.	60 20 32 189 199

See page 549 for solution of last issue's Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out, it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black squares indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 U	2 W	3 C	4 G		5 L	6 M		7 A		8 O	9 N	10 T	11 P	12 F	13 R	14 B
15 D	16 U	17 A	18 C	19 W		20 B	21 Y	22 R	23 O		24 A	25 I		26 A	27 C	28 X
29 F	30 H		31 L	32 B	33 K	34 M	35 X		36 C	37 B		38 A	39 U	40 A	41 L	
42 B	43 C	44 F	45 I		46 U	47 E		48 N	49 D	50 R	51 M	52 X	53 L	54 S	55 U	
56 A	57 V	58 W	59 Y		60 B	61 W	62 Y	63 N	64 U		65 B	66 V		67 F	68 I	69 O
70 T	71 H	72 G	73 R	74 Y	75 B	76 S		77 M	78 F	79 V		80 Z	81 T	82 D	83 J	
84 H	85 V		86 N	87 I		88 J		89 Z	90 A	91 F	92 V		93 A		94 K	95 N
96 W	97 Z	98 B		99 A	100 Z	101 P	102 V	103 S		104 R	105 T		106 S	107 T	108 R	109 E
	110 R	111 S		112 D	113 U	114 J	115 L		116 L	117 Q		118 T	119 Q	120 C	121 K	122 R
123 W	124 M	125 Z	126 G	127 E		128 W	129 K		130 E	131 U	132 R		133 K	134 X	135 Q	136 N
	137 M	138 F	139 L	140 P	141 W		142 J	143 P		144 Q	145 P	146 L		147 L	148 R	149 Q
150 C		151 N	152 Q		153 M		154 I	155 B	156 R	157 J	158 K	159 W	160 Y		161 V	162 L
	163 B	164 M	165 T		166 G	167 B	168 L	169 N	170 W		171 Q	172 G	173 D	174 L		175 W
176 Q		177 L	178 W	179 K	180 A	181 M	182 N	183 U	184 F		185 T	186 L	187 S	188 W	189 B	190 M
191 N		192 L	193 C		194 L	195 H	196 I	197 C	198 G	199 B		200 H	201 N		202 Q	203 P
204 H	205 D	206 N	207 I		208 Z	209 B		210 N	211 A		212 A	213 B	214 P	215 N	216 D	217 M
218 F	219 H															

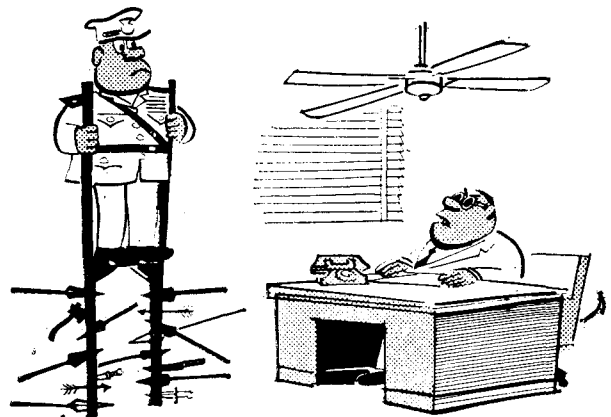
For The Record

The United Nations has retained an agency to present to the U.S. public arguments for the admission of Red China. The ads will appear free in papers, magazines, TV, as "public service." . . . However, the U.S. public appears to have made up its mind: The Committee of One Million Against the Admission of Communist China to the United Nations has just issued a declaration of opposition, signed by 335 congressmen. The Committee's ad in 1956 was signed by 180 congressmen; in 1960, by 271. . . . The Communist Worker editorializes that "Communists and all other left forces" must unite behind LBJ and the Democrats to defeat Goldwater. . . . Sen. Margaret Chase Smith (R., Me.) says she will not turn over her Maine's-favorite-daughter Convention delegates to Governor Scranton, and declines to join stop-Goldwater movement. Conservatives pleased that David A. Nichols will be new Republican National Committeeman from Maine.

New York radio station WBAI had something of a first by presenting interview with unrepentant dope peddler. . . . In California, disabled clergyman C. Fain Kyle, a Negro with 6 children, was kicked off local relief rolls when he made a speech for Goldwater. Rev. Kyle called it "raw politics." . . . Proponents of a postage stamp commemorating the late General of the Army Douglas MacArthur are finding PO bureaucrats and congressional committees uncooperative. . . . The Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, having taken over a bankrupt private bank, is embarrassed by one of its new assets: a mortgage on a bordello out West. (The Westward-Ho House, mebbe?)

Copenhagen bartenders concocted a "cordial" welcome for visiting Khrushchev, the "Nikita": vodka, champagne & cherry liqueur. Drink is red, and awful. . . . Red Chinese border has been lively lately. A bloody gunbattle broke out last month between Soviets, Chinese along Sinkiang border after Chinese forays to distribute propaganda. . . . Abdul-

lah al Sallal, head of war-torn Yemen's revolutionary regime (which is supported by Nasser's army which is supported by U.S. foreign aid) gave thanks, for support, to—Chou En-lai, in Peking. . . . West German Justice Minister Bucher recently described the de Gaulle strategy as "kangaroo politics—big



London Daily Sketch—Ben Roth Agency

"What's this nonsense I hear about a pygmies' revolt, General?"

leaps, small purse." . . . Bourgeoisification proceeds apace in Communistland: Soviet scientists have found a sea serpent in Siberia, which they call the "Lake Labyntkir Monster." Better Red than Wed, was the theory behind old Soviet marriage ceremony where couple just signed a registry. But now socialism honors its lovers: in Leningrad, an old, luxurious bourgeois house has been converted into the "Palace of Weddings" where the blushing couple now, to the accompaniment of perfume, organ music, guests, drinks, dancing and speeches, sign the registry. . . . By the way, when the newlyweds have children, they bring them around to the Palace of Weddings where they are presented with a medal—in pink or blue. . . . Maurice Thorez, French Communist boss who had for nine years lived in Party-donated villa on the Riviera, has had to give it up: it reflects Stalinist cult of personality.

Know what an elephant is? It's a mouse built to government specifications.

Promises and poverty

In its headlong effort to get deeper into the life of every citizen—assigning new numbers, interfering with education, charging Americans for things they neither want nor need—the Federal government has also gotten very deeply into the “promise” business.

It now promises to relieve widespread poverty, apparently by pouring federal funds into areas whose real potential for economic growth is obviously almost nonexistent. At this point the War on Poverty seems to be nothing more than a promise. All we can be sure about at this point is—it will be expensive.

The Federal government promises that an American manned flight to the moon will be accomplished by 1970. All we can be sure about is this—it will be expensive.

The Federal government promises ultimate success in Southeast Asia through the continuance of policies based on spending more money, wasting more lives and never taking a firm stand on anything. We seem now to be practicing accidental brinkmanship. All we can be sure about is this—it will be expensive.

Promises and poverty. As Federal control and spending increase, all of us can look forward to more of both.

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Enduringly beautiful coffee shop floor is Kentile® Architectural Marbles Vinyl Asbestos Tile. Colors: Rheims and York. Note blending of light and dark shadings within each color. Wall Base: White KenCove® Vinyl.

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Heavy traffic was made for this vinyl floor! Architectural Marbles is another Kentile exclusive style in vinyl asbestos tile. Design flows through the entire thickness of every tile, so beauty lasts and lasts. 9 colors, all greaseproof... comfortable underfoot... easy to maintain... and economically priced. Kentile Dealer? See the Yellow Pages under "Floors," or consult your architect, decorator, or interior designer.